SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE OF NEW-YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
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SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 14, 1832.

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NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 14, 1832.

☞We give below, to the exclusion of our customary selections from foreign magazines, a graphic sketch of men and manners as they exist in the far western regions of our own country, from the pen of JAMES HALL, Esq. the talented editor of the Illinois Magazine. We could wish that we were oftener enabled to lay before our readers such just and natural pictures of a state of society and range of character which combine within themselves all the elements of romance; and we take this opportunity to remark that we consider that the peculiarities of "Old Kentuck" are much more correctly (if not quite so ludicrously) hit off in this unpretending sketch than in the far famed caricature of Nimrod Wildfire.

THE SILVER MINE.

Some twelve or thirteen years ago, when the good land on the northern frontiers of Missouri was beginning to be found out, and the village of Palmyra had been recently *located* on the extreme verge of the settlements of the white men, uncle Moses, who had built his cabin hard by, went into that promising village one day, in hopes of finding a letter from his cousin David then at Louisville, and to whom he had written to come to Missouri. Three hours pleasant ride brought him *to town*. He soon found Major Obadiah———, who had been lately appointed Post-master, and who had such an aversion to confinement, that he appropriated his hat to all the purposes of a post office—an arrangement by which he complied with the law requiring him to take special care of all letters and papers committed to his keeping, and the instructions directing him to be always found in his office, and the same time, enjoyed such locomotive freedom, as permitted him to go hunting or fishing, at his pleasure. He was thus ready at all times, wherever he might be, to answer any call on his department promptly.

The Major seating himself on the grass, emptied his hat of its contents, and requested uncle Moses to assist him in hunting for his letter; "whenever you come to any that looks dirty and greasy, like these," said he "just throw them in that pile; they are all *dead* letters, and I intend to send them off to head quarters, the very next time the post rider comes, for I cant afford to *tote* them any longer, encumbering up *the office* for nothing." Uncle Moses thought that they were at *head* quarters already, but made no remark, and quietly putting on his spectacles, gave his assistance as required.

After a quarter of an hour's careful examination, it was agreed by both, that there was no letter in *the office* for uncle Moses. "But stop," said the post-master, as uncle Moses was preparing to mount his horse, "you are a trading character, come, let me sell you a lot of goods, at wholesale. Vaughan has gone to St. Louis to lay in a fresh supply, and has left me to keep store for him until he returns. He had almost sold out, and I hate to be cramped up in a house all day, so I have packed up the whole stock in these two bundles," hauling them out of his coat pockets—"here examine them—calicoes, ribbons, laces, &c. I'll take ten dollars, in *coon skins*, for the whole invoice, rather than *tote* them any longer."

Uncle Moses was, in truth, a trading character He belonged to a numerous and respectable class in our country, who are, by courtesy, called farmers; but who, in fact, spend their whole lives in buying and selling. He was *raised* in North Carolina, and had regularly emigrated westwardly, once in every three or four years, until he had passed through Tennesee, Kentucky, and Illinois, to the frontier of Missouri. Nothing ever made him so happy, as an offer to buy his farm. The worthy man would snap his fingers, ask a little more than was offered, and at last take what he could get, pack up his moveables at an hour's notice, and push out farther back. He was a famous hand at finding good land—and was sure to get a mill-seat, a stone quarry, or a fine spring, which made his tract the best in the country, himself the happiest man in the world. He worked hard and made good improvements; but no sooner was his cabin built, his fences made, and his family comfortably settled, than he was sure to find that the neighbors were getting too thick around him, the *outlet* for his cattle was circumscribed, and there was a better country somewhere else. He was not discontented—far from it. There never was a better tempered old soul, than uncle Moses. But he liked money, loved to be moving, and above all things, gloried in "a good trade." He would buy any thing that was offered *cheap*, and sell any thing for which he could get the value.—He never travelled without exchanging his horse, nor visited a neighbor without proposing a speculation.

Of course, the Major's offer of a lot of *store goods* for less than cost, struck him favorably, and he offered three dozen racoon skins for the whole.—"Take them," said the Major—"it is too little—but if Vaughan does'nt like the trade, I'll pay the balance myself."

"Now," said the post-master, "let us go down to the river, where Hunt, and *the balance of the boys*, are fishing. We have been holding an election here for the last two days, and as nobody came in to vote to-day, we all concluded to go fishing."

"But what election is it?"

"Why, to elect delegates to form our State Constitution."

"I have heard of it, but had forgot it. I am entitled to a vote."

"Certainly you are. Hunt and I, are two of the judges. He has taken the poll-books along with him—come along, we will take your vote at the river—just as good as if it was done in town—I hate formalities, and this three days election—every body could as well do all their voting in one."

Down they went to the river; the judges and clerks were called together, and recorded the first vote that ever uncle Moses gave in Missouri, on the bank of the *North River*, a little below where Massie's mill now stands. I like to be particular about matters of importance.

The parties were soon distributed in quietness along shore, angling for the finny tribe, which sported, unconscious of danger, in the limpid element. Every tongue was silent, and all eyes resting on the lines, when Sam Smoke made his appearance, cracking his way through the bushes. "Mose! come this way," said he. Uncle Moses discovering something momentous in his air, met him at a respectful distance. "Now Moses," said the odd old genius, "I know very well, you have some notions of *entering* [Buying from the Government.] Wolf harbor. I have *located* that place myself, long ago; but I dont believe you know it. I will now let you into a secret that you have been sometime hunting for, if you will not enter the land about Wolf harbor, before I get my money from Kentucky. The quarter section, including the big spring, is all I want—the balance is not worth entering, and if I can get that, I shall have all the elbow room I want."

"But what is the secret?" said uncle Moses anxiously.

"You have been hunting a silver mine—hav'nt you?"

"I have; do you know where it is?"

"No I do not; but I have left an Indian in a *swing* that I have just completed for the Major's amusement. He will swing himself until my return. He has a piece of the ore, and will shew us the place where he found it, for a gallon of whiskey. Now, say I shall have Wolf harbor, and you may have the silver mine."

"Agreed," said Uncle Moses, "and for fear somebody else should take a fancy to it, if you will go home with me, I will loan you the money to pay for it."

"No, I am much obliged to you," said Sam "all I want, is the *chance* after my money comes."

Uncle Moses found the Indian as was expected, and took him home with him, where he found his cousin David, just arrived from Kentucky. "Ah! Davy, my boy, I am glad to see you. I have found, or rather, I am about to find, the, silver mine that I wrote to you about. See here! this is as pure silver ore as ever was seen. This yellow fellow knows where it is, and is to shew it to me in the morning."

"That's very well," said David, "but do you know you will find this fellow here in the morning."

"No doubt of it. I know too much of the Indian, not to know how to manage him. I will give him a taste out that keg, and let him understand that there is more, and you could not whip him away."

Early the next morning, our miners had every thing ready for the expedition. The best horse was packed with the tools, and provisions enough for several days. The Indian guide was directed to lead the way. He has tated for a moment, as if deliberating upon the course, and then having fixed it in his mind, set off on a *bee line* towards the hidden treasure. Uncle David and Moses led the pack-horse, and plodded on foot at a half trot; for that is the gait of an Indian, when he has a journey before him. After about two hours rough travelling through the woods and thickets, the miners were saluted with an "Ah! ho! ah!" from the Indian, who had stopped on the side of a hill a little in advance. "I entee bel-le good-chomac," said he, holding up a piece of the precious ore, glistening in his hand.

"By the wars, Davy," exclaimed uncle Moses as he walked up and surveyed the spot, "this is a pretty good prospect—this looks well, to be sure—a right smart chance of metal, I declare!"

The horse was soon unpacked, coats off, and every thing ready for deeper research. Davy took the pick and shovel, and commenced removing the ground which seemed to cover the vein. Uncle Moses sauntered about to examine the line trees, and discover the No. of the section; and the guide, having fulfilled his part of the bargain was left in full possession of the jug, and in a few minutes, was as happy as if he had millions in store.

Uncle Moses returned in a short time, having traced the lines of tract, and found David as well with sweat, as if he had been in the river. "Stop, David," said uncle Moses, "you will kill yourself if you go on that rate—give me the shovel, and rest awhile—you have blistered your hands already." This was literary true, and is usually the case with the first essay in mining; the fascination is so great that the young miner, continually imagining himself almost in sight of boundless wealth, delves on harder, and harder, and exhausts his strength, while his hopes yet remain fresh.—Uncle Moses proceeded more systematically, and in about two hours, uncovered the bright vein.—What a glorious sight met their eyes! How were their hearts gladdened by the brilliant success of their enterprise! They paused and silently contemplated the shining mass, which lay in a perpendicular stratum, several inches in thickness, and extending along the whole length of the opening. Again they resumed their labors, traced the vein into the side of the hill, and satisfied themselves, that, according to uncle Moses' estimate—and he was not slow at a *calculation*—there was, at least $50,000 worth of pure silver then within their grasp. "That's enough to make us both rich," said David.

"Why, it is better than nothing," replied the old speculator, gravely, and with all the importance of one who felt the inward dignity of a nabob. "Yes, it is better than making corn, or trading in store goods—fifty thousand dollars is a cleversum. But it is nothing to what is coming; nothing to the balance that lies in the bowels of the earth."

Having rested a little from their labor, the dinner bag was produced, and they sat down to a cold luncheon, which David pronounced to be the sweetest morsel he ever ate in his life. "I don't doubt it," replied uncle Moses, "this is one of the real enjoyments of this world. And now, David, since I have made your fortune, I hope you may manage it, as never to lose your relish for the substantials, by indulging too much in the luxuries of life."

"Never fear that," said David—"I have been raised to industry; I intend to go to the legislature It takes less head than any thing else that I know of, and I never heard of a member losing his appetite for meat or liquor. But who have we here?"

"If that aint that old Hibbard, and his hungry gang of tall boys," exclaimed uncle Moses; he has been hunting for this very mine for several months. They have been watching us—they have a canoe at the river, and will try to be at St. Louis first to *enter* the land. You are a light rider, Davy, and there is my horse—I gave $150 for him—better stuff was never wrapped in a surcingle—fix the saddle, mount him, and put off."

Davy was soon ready. Uncle Moses slipped a roll of bank notes in his hand, and the junior partner in the silver mine, wrapped them carefully in a handkerchief, which he bound round his body, concluding the whole operation with an apparent carelessness, to deceive those who were looking on.

"There is the money," whispered uncle Moses, "and two hundred dollars over, to buy horses if necessary. Ride slowly off as if you were going home, and when out of sight take a *dead aim* for St. Louis. Don't lose any time looking for roads—a road is of no account no how, when a man is in a hurry. Don't spare horse-flesh. We can afford to use up a few nags, in securing a silver mine. If any body asks your business, you know what to say—it's nothing to nobody. Buy the land before you sleep. I'll camp here till you return, and keep these wolves off."

David obeyed orders, and was soon on a high prairie of parallel ridges extending southward.—He involuntarily stopped and gazed with wonder and delight on the first specimen which his optics had ever beheld, on so large a scale of Nature's meadows. He was naturally of a sanguine temperament, and lively imagination and enjoyed the scene with a higher relish, from its sudden and unexpected appearance. "It beats all," thought he—"I'd give a thousand dollars, (an hour before, he would have said a *dollar*) to know who cleared all this land. The days has been, when thousands of acres of tobacco have been raised on these *old fields*—but who raised it?

When I get the silver mine, I'll find it out. Yes I'll hire a dozen yankee schoolmasters by the job, and pay them in *pigs* of cast silver." The importance of his journey, however, soon compelled him to collect his scattered wits, and exert them in determining his course. His geographical knowledge of this country was very limited, as he had passed up the Mississippi in a keel boat, and knew nothing of the interior. But he was aware that his course ought to be nearly south, and that as the country was thinly settled, he would in all probably have to pass most of the distance without a road, or trace of any kind.

He followed the direction of one of the ridges of the prairie, and travelled rapidly, until his progress was suddenly arrested by a deep stream, about a hundred yards in width margined on each side with a heavy growth of tall timber. "This must be salt river," said he. It was too deep to ford, and the only alternative was to swim—a feat he would sooner have attempted at some place where assistance might be had in case of accident But knowing that the defeat of his enterprise and certain loss of his expected wealth, awaited him if he did not cross, he screwed up his resolution, and determined to pass, or drown in the attempt His money was placed in his hat, and he plunged in; his horse was of powerful muscle, and bore him safely to the opposite shore.

The sun was gliding in the west as he emerged into another beautiful prairie, carpeted with the matchless verdure of the season, which extended further than imagination could reach. The evening was calm and pleasant, a soft breeze only moving to fan the sweet perfume of the various flowers which spotted the plain. Not a cloud was to be seen. The lark whistling on the rosin-weed, or a solitary hawk, circling through the air, now poised aloft and now darting with the swiftness of an arrow on the half concealed sparrow below, were the only moving objects on which to rest the eye of the traveller. The scene was solitary as it was grand, and naturally led our weary adventurer into a contemplative mood. He thought of the many instances he had known of the misapplication of the gifts of fortune, and determined in his own mind, as he was now heir apparent to a princely estate, that he would use it in such a manner as to afford the most solid advantage to himself and his country. He resolved to found schools for the education of all classes, to make roads, and to build bridges—especially over Salt River. He had a mortal antipathy to the aristocracy of wealth, and vowed that he would level the rich down to an equality with the poor; or, if that should be impracticable, he would level the poor *up* to the standing of the rich. His fondness for the fair sex induced him to wish to confer happiness on as many of them as possible; but as it was impracticable, under the present organization of society, to confer supreme bliss on more than *one*, he determined to make one happy woman, at least, without delay.

At last, night began to drop her curtain around him, and to stud the skies with her twinkling lamps. The dew rested on the tall grass, and as the tops of the latter were sometimes higher than his horse's back, his own clothes soon dripped large drops of water. Still he pushed on, until the weary animal, by often stopping to nip the green herbage, admonished him that food and rest are necessary to brute creatures, however non-essential they may be to the proprietors of silver mines. But it was not until drowsiness had so overpowered him that he was several times on the point of losing his balance, that he determined to rest for the night. He then dismounted, tied his horse's feet together with the reins of his bridle, supped on cold venison and corn bread, that uncle Moses had put into his saddle bags, and, crawling into a matted hazel thicket, nestled among the leaves, and slept soundly til morning.

With the first blush of the dawn, David was again on his way, somewhat refreshed. But the wolves having robbed his saddle bags of the remainder of the store of provisions, he had nothing to break his fast. He jogged on at a pretty rapid gait, however, fully determined to compensate his appetite hereafter, in the most ample manner, for the privation it was now suffering.—"Poor devils, that have neither house nor land," said he, "may travel upon empty stomachs, and *camp out* in the bushes at night, but that will not be my case. I intend to have old bacon all the year round; and let them eat venison who can get nothing better."

About the middle of the afternoon, he stopped at the first cabin he had seen, and inquired of a homespun lady, who appeared at the door, if he could get something for himself and horse to eat. After asking him a dozen questions about where he was from—where he was going—how the election had gone—whether he thought the *convention* would make this a free or a slave state—where he staid last night—and if he *warn't mighty* tired—she at last told him to "light."—She soon had every thing ready, and invited him to "set up" and help himself, remarking that "it was not very good fare, no how, but if she had known of his coming, she would have had something better."

From this place, he found a road leading to St. Charles, where he expected to cross the Missouri. Sleepy and weary, every rod seemed now a mile, and he had not gone far from the cabin, when he stopped a traveller that he met, to inquire the distance to St. Charles: "thirty miles," was the reply. After proceeding half a mile further, he fell in with another, who told him it was "fifteen miles"—a boy, to whom he put the same question, replied that "it was a *good little bit*," and a farmer, a little further on, informed him that the exact distance was "twenty-one miles from the big oak at the foot of his lane."

It was dark, when he concluded for the last time, that he must certainly be within a short distance of the river; and at length, meeting a negro on the brink of a hill, was assured that it was "no distance at all." He was soon in the village of St. Charles, and had no difficulty in finding the ferryman, who refused positively to carry him across the river that night. David had too much at stake to be thus delayed. He stormed—threatened to cut off the ears of the boatman—swore he would kick the mud-walled house from over the head of the unaccommodating Frenchman—and finally talked of regulating the town.

"Monsieur Kentuck," said the ferryman, "vat make you so dem hangry? Are you in von great big horry?"

"I am on business of importance—more depends on it than your paltry gumbo town is worth, so stir yourself, or I'll be shot if I don't make a fuss."

"Very much horry, eh?" replied the Frenchman, a dark swarthy fellow with straight black hair, and an eye which began to flash with an *amiable* expression, resembling that of an enraged wild cat. "Spose den you vait for your horry over—mean time you cut off *ma hear* for keep yourself warm?"

Davy, finding he was on the wrong scent, changed his tone, said he had no wish to affront any *gentilman*, and inquired, in a soothing tone, if no one could procure him a passage.

"Ah, Monsieur, now you talk like von gentilman—spose you pay me five dollar, may be you can, for Monsieur—spose you no pay me dat you keep a-camp on de side vare

Davy accepted the terms; the *ferry-boat*, consisting of two canoes covered with a platform, was hauled up, the horse carefully placed in the middle, and the *savage river*, which roared and bubbled around them, was soon passed. The ferryman pointed out the road, and in a few hours our impatient Kentuckian was at the door of the Receiver of Public Moneys in St. Louis, shouting manfully, "to keep house!" Colonel S. the Receiver, from an upper window told him that he could not *enter* the land office, that night; it was positively contrary to all rule—and Davy, much chagrined, was obliged to sneak off to a hotel. In the morning, he rised betimes to the land office, and found, to his mortification, that the whole sect on was covered by a New-Madrid claim! Excited now to desperation, he declared that he would work the silver mine *any how*, in spite of big guns and little men—he didn't *vally* the government a cent—not he—it was *no account*, *no how*—then he jumped up, struck his heels together, and said he was a horse, a steamboat, an earthquake, and that he and uncle Mose, with a hundred Kentuckians, could take Gibraltar!

Hanging his hat on one side of his head, he strutted out of the office, endeavoring to control his rage, and half inclined to gratify it by whipping the first man he should meet. Finally, however, he concluded to send an express to uncle Moses, and set out for Kentucky himself, raise volunteers enough to set the land officers at defiance, nullify the government, and work the silver mine, *vi et armis*. Meeting with Monsieur Donja, an old acquaintance, who was a silversmith, he exultingly produced a specimen of the precious ore, and asked his opinion of it.

"Vat you call dis?" said the dealer in bright metals.

"Pure silver ore—the real stuff."

"You mistake, sair; dat is no silvare, but be ver good brimstone."

"Brimstone, the devil!" shouted the enraged adventurer.

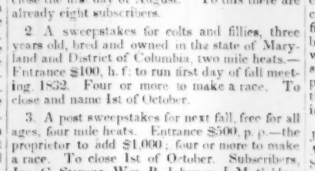
"Ah, oui!" replied the mechanic with a shrug, "very good brimstone for diable, suppose you go in my shop, you shall be satisfy."

Davy went, and was soon convinced by being almost suffocated with the fumes of sulphur.

This was the climax of disappointment; but David was blessed with a sanguine temperament, and although easily irritated, had the faculty of as easily abandoning a favorite scheme in favor of some new project, and after giving a long whistle, he strolled back to the hotel, with an air of so much unconcern that no one would have dreamed that any sinister event had befallen him. 'It all comes of trusting too much to uncle Mose,' thought he; 'the old man used to be as true on the scent of money as an old 'coon dog on a trail but he is barking up the wrong tree this time.'

He now ordered his horse. "Sorry to inform you," replied the landlord, "very sorry, sir—but, your horse is dead." "Dead as a house log."—"Misfortunes never come single," said David, and quietly throwing his saddle over his shoulder, he walked off, singing from Hudibras, or some other celebrated poet—

"He that a rich may ride a-straddle,
But he that's poor must tote his saddle."



From the American Turf Register.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The following Stakes are now open, to be run for over the Central Course.—BALTIMORE, June 1, 1832.

1. CHATEAU MARGAUX STAKES. A post sweepstakes will be run for on the second day of the next fall meeting, two miles out. Entrance $300, p. p. Each gentleman over twenty-one years of age to ride his own horse. Four or more to make a race. The winner to pay six dozen of Chateau Margaux wine to the club. To close the first day of August. To this there are already eight subscribers.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, bred and owned in the state of Maryland and District of Columbia, two mile heats.—Entrance $100, h. f: to run first day of fall meeting, 1832. Four or more to make a race. To close and name 1st of October.

3. A post sweepstakes for next fall, free for all ages, four mile heats. Entrance $500, p. p.—the proprietor to add $1,000; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October. Subscribers, Jno. C. Stevens, Wm. R. Johnson, J. M. Selden.

4. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of September.

5. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, (that have never won a race) to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October.

6. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old spring of 1833, to run spring meeting, 1833, mile heats. Entrance $100, p. p: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of April next, 1833.

7. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old spring of 1833, to run spring meeting, 1833, mile heats. Entrance $300, h. f: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of January next.

8. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old spring of 1833, to run fall meeting, 1833, two mile heats. Entrance $300, h. f: five or more to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1833. Entries, Messrs. Craig and Corbin enter a Medley filly out of Havoc's dam.

9. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old spring of 1833, to run the fourth day of the fall meeting, 1833, two mile heats. Entrance $500, h. f: four or more to make a race; to close 1st of January, 1833. (Notes with security to be given for the forfeit.) Subscribers, J. M. Botts, Edward Parker, Henry A. Tayloe, William R. Johnson, William Wynn.

10. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old spring of 1834, to run spring meeting, 1834, mile heats. Entrance $100, h. f: six or more to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1833. Subscribers, J. M. Selden, Thomas Snowden, Jr. Richard C. Stockton, John McP. Brien, Davis & Selden, T. R. S. Boyce.

11. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, dropped spring of 1831, to run spring of 1834, mile heats. Entrance $300, h. f: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1834.

12. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, dropped spring of 1831, to run fall meeting 1834, two mile heats. Entrance $300, h. f: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1833. Subscribers, Ambrose Stevens, Robert Gilmor, Jr.

13. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, dropped spring of 1831, to run fall meeting, 1834, two mile heats. Entrance $500, h. f: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1834. Subscribers, F. P. Corbin, (by S. Ringgold,) S. W. Smith, John C. Craig, John Heth.

14. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, dropped spring of 1832, to run spring meeting, 1835, mile heats. Entrance $100, p. p: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1835.—Subscribers, J. M. Selden.

15. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, dropped spring of 1832, to run spring meeting of 1835, mile heats. Entrance $300, h. f: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1835.—Subscribers, J. M. Selden.

16. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, dropped spring of 1832, to run fall meeting, 1835, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of July, 1835.—Subscribers, J. M. Selden.

17. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, dropped spring of 1832, to run fall meeting, 1835, two mile heats. Entrance $300 h. f: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1833. Subscribers, Thomas H. Burwell, F. P. Corbin, a Charles filly out of Star's dam.

18. A sweepstakes for the get of stallions, to be dropped spring of 1833, to run spring and fall meetings, 1836, mile heats in the spring entrance $200, p. p: and two mile heats in the fall, $300, p. p. four or more to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1836. Subscribers, J. M. Selden enters the get of Sussex.

19. A produce sweepstakes for colts and fillies to be dropped spring of 1833, to run spring of 1836, mile heats. Entrance $100, p. p: four or more to make a race. To close and name by 1st of January, 1833.

20. A produce sweepstakes for colts and fillies to be dropped spring of 1833, to run spring meeting, 1836, mile heats. Entrance $300, h. f: four or more to make a race. To close and name by 1st of January, 1833.

21. A produce sweepstakes for colts and fillies to be dropped spring of 1833, to run fall meeting of 1836, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1833.

22. A produce sweepstakes for colts and fillies to be dropped spring of 1833, to run fall meeting, 1836. Entrance $500, h. f: two mile heats: four or more to make a race. To close and name by 1st of January, 1833.

A CHALLENGE.

Roxborough, July 3, 1832.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you be kind enough to state in the next number of your Sporting Magazine that I propose to run Bonnets o' Blue, or Andrew, against any horse, four mile heats, for five thousand dollars a side, half forfeit. The race to be run over the Central Course, at the next Fall Meeting. The acceptance of this challenge, with the name of the horse, together with the selection of one of my two named horses, to be sent to the Secretary of the Maryland Jockey Club, or to yourself, on or before the tenth day of August next. JOHN C. CRAIG.

To J. S. SKINNER, Esq. *Ib.*
Cor. Sec. Md. Jockey Club.

The Washington City Club has been revived upon a liberal scale; there is a fair prospect that the autumnal meeting will recall to recollection the days of Post Boy, of the Maid of the Oaks, of Oscar, of Floretta, of First Consul, of Top Gallant, and of Hickory, whose competitions made theirs the most attractive Course in the Union.

A sweepstake will be run for next fall meeting, two mile heats, for untried three year olds—to name and close on the 1st of August. Three entries, $50 each, p. p. *Ib.*

BLOOD HORSES.

An exhibition of a novel and interesting character took place yesterday morning in the rear of the Arcade, and drew together perhaps as large a concourse of respectable citizens as we have recently witnessed. The exhibition was got up in fine style by Mr. Joseph Thomas, consisting of a beautiful display of *Blood Horses*, and the zest which attended the display—the admiration bestowed on the steeds, and the satisfaction expressed by the numerous assemblage, gave token that the breeding of that noble animal finds favor in the eyes of our citizens.

Among the horses we particularly noticed Mr. John Craig's beautiful and justly celebrated horse *Medley*, bred by Col. Johnson of Virginia, sired Sir Hal out of Reality. Medley is brother to Bonnets o' Blue. Mr. Chapman's bay horse Eclipse Consul, bred by Mr. Norris, by the celebrated horse Eclipse, excited considerable attention, as did, also Mr. Barrell's Fagdown by bay Fagdown; Mr. Barrell's horse Whig, and Mr. Carter's horse Rattler, by Rattler.

The concourse of spectators have been estimated at upwards of two thousand, each of whom retired highly pleased with a sight so new.—*U. S. (Phil.) Gazette.*

LAUGHABLE OCCURRENCE.—A whimsical adventure has been narrated to us as having occurred on board a ship in our harbor a few nights since. She was nearly ready for sea, and most of the officers being on shore, the deck was left in charge of "rather a green one," with strict orders to let no one leave the vessel. There were but two boats remaining, one of which lay alongside, and the other hung on the cranes, and the crew were below, apparently at rest. Our hero did not relish the idea of watching when he apprehended no danger, and therefore, taking the painter of the first boat and making it fast around him, he betook himself to the second, and fell asleep. How long he remained so is of no importance to our story, but when he awoke he found to his utter astonishment that the boat and the crew were gone, leaving about a fathom of the painter attached to his leg!—[N. Bedford Gaz.

Mrs. Moore, mother of the illustrious bard, died at her house, Abbey-street, Dublin, at half-past twelve A. M. May 15; she was at an advanced age, and survived her husband about five years.—[London paper.

Lord Byron's Guiccioli, and her brother Count Gamba, still continue to reside at the Sablonvere Hotel in Leicester-square, where they have been visited by many distinguished persons; especially by the friends of the deceased poet.—*Ib.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

We heard a man wondering the other day how so many bullying, quarrelsome fellows got into Congress. A friend at our elbow relates the following anecdote, which he vouches for as a fact:

While travelling in the west, some years ago, he fell in with Col. ——, late a prominent member of the U. S. House of Representatives, who was then a candidate for the first time. In the course of conversation, Col. —— frequently expressed himself as if certain of his election. On our friend's inquiring why he was so positive that he should be chosen, he replied—"Look here, sir, in this part of the country we have to fight ourselves into Congress."—(he here doubled up his fist, and suiting the action to the word) "no man gives his vote for a candidate, unless he has previously fought with and been beaten by him. I am no fool at that game. I have already *lick'd* one half the voters in the District. To-morrow I've got to try one more, and that's Major R——. He's a *screamer*:—but (and he used a terrible oath) I *can* lick him, and then my election is certain—by a majority of one."

New-Bedford Gazette.

SETTING THE RIVER ON FIRE. The ignition of water has ever baffled the skill of all the hot-headed fire brands that have tried to make a fuss in the world, from the beginning of time to the present day.—but, if ever it should be done, we think it will be effected by the Boston mail stage, for that vehicle travels with such velocity that it takes fire spontaneously on the road! We are assured that, on Tuesday last, a passenger by that conveyance, thinking he "smelt brimstone," popped his head out of the window and discovered one of the hubs to be in a blaze, owing to the extreme friction;—there was no use of bawling fire! for no engine could ever overtake them, so on they drove in their furious *fiery* course until they —stopped!—no insurance on craft or cargo.—*Franklin Advertiser.*

A clergyman, who is in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was not long since at an inn, where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed: "Parson, I had much rather hear you preach, than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way." "Well, (replied the parson,) if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach."—"Where was that?" inquired the jockey. "In the *State Prison*," returned the clergyman.

A SCRAP FROM AN OLD NOVEL.

"With a friend and a wife,
Those blessings of life,
What on earth can our envied condition amend?
Should sweet offspring be ours
Grant this O ye powers!
Be the girls like my wife and the boys like my friend."

"And the boys like your what, sir?" asked old Mrs Griffith. "Like my friend," answered Mullens. "Humph," it will occasionally happen in the best regulated families, but it's an odd thing to pray for."

A Scotchman has invented a machine for *cutting stone*. We have long looked for a machine to *skin flints* from that part of the United Kingdom.

"Glorious Uncertainty. We were met last evening by a drunken sailor who managed to monopolize the side-walk. Vexed at the difficulty of passing, we hastily inquired where the d—l he was going? "It's quite uncertain," was the reply.

Back woods of America—A Conversation.—"What is the land?"—"Bogs."—"The atmosphere?"—"Fogs."—"What did you live on?"—"Hogs."—"What were your draught animals?"—"Dogs."—"What do you build your houses of?"—"Logs."—"Any fish in the ponds?"—"Frogs."—"What did you find the women?"—"Clogs."—"What map did you travel by?"—"Mogg's."

A PATIENT LAD.—"Ben," said a father, the other day, to his delinquent son, "I'm busy now; but as soon as I can get time, I mean to give you a flogging." "Don't hurry yourself, pa," replied the patient lad,—"I can *wait*."—*Constellation.*

"You are an excellent packer," said George Hanger to a waiter at a tavern. "I don't understand you, sir," replied the attendant. "Why you have contrived to pack a quart of wine into a pint decanter."

A candidate for the stage was desired to recite some lines before Jack Bannister. While he was tearing away a tragedy speech, a dog set up a howling, which drowned Mr. Daggerwood's voice. Jack exclaimed, "*a dog of judgment by —!*" and turned on his heel.

Mr. Mingay, in the court of King's bench, some time since, made a good application of an old pun. The cause was between a tailor and an attorney. His client found, he said that it was not possible to make a *coat* for a *lawyer* without its ending in a *suit*.

The French having sent general *Vial*, as their envoy to Malta: to counteract him, or in other words, *to stop him up*, Mr. Canning proposed that England should send the earl of *Cork*. This would be something like the retaliation of Frederick of Prussia: the French government having sent him an ambassador *without an arm*, he next day despatched one to Versailles *with a wooden leg!*

Barrymore happening to conciliate to the theatre, and having to dress for a part, was driven to the last moment, when, to heighten his perplexity, the key of his drawer was missing. "D—n it! (said he) I must have swallowed it." "Never mind," says Jack Bannister, coolly, "*if you have* it will serve to open your chest."

How to get rid of a Collector. A woman in Westminister being at a loss what excuse to make to about the twentieth application for rates by one of the collectors of the Chelsey water-works, at length informed him that her husband had recently died of the cholera, and that she had also been seized with that dreadful disorder—but, (added she) if you'll walk in, I'll see if I can make up the money. The collector, however, was almost petrified with terror, and shutting up his book instantly, bolted out of the house much faster than he entered.

First appearance this Season.—The Sea Serpent has lately been exhibiting off the Virginia Capes. His everlasting humps were all on

THE BUCANIERS.

The account of the Bucaniers of America, which precedes the Life of William Dampier in the thirtieth number of the Family Library, is a narration of bold and desperate deeds, such as perhaps is furnished by no other history. We subjoin a few extracts, commencing with an attack made upon a Spanish galleon.

Pierre and his company had kept aloof till dusk, when they made for the galleon with all the force of oars. The game was for death,—ignominious and cruel death,—a victory in the mines,—or victory and fortune, they must make good their attempt to board the galleon or perish. To render their courage desperate, Pierre ordered the surgeon to bore holes in the side of the boat, that no other footing might be left to his men than the decks of the Spaniard. This was directly performed, while each man armed with a sword and pistols, silently climbed the side of the ship. While one party rushed into the great cabin, and presented their pistols to the officers who sat at cards, another seized the gunroom, cutting down whoever stood in their way. As the Spaniards had been completely surprised, little opposition was offered. The ship surrendered, and was carried into France by Pierre, who, by a rare instance of good sense and moderation, from the time of obtaining this prize gave up the vocation of a Bucanier, in which, if fortunes were sometimes quickly acquired, they were as often as rapidly lost, or certainly squandered. Legrand appears to have exercised no unnecessary cruelty, and all of the Spanish seamen not required in navigating the vessel were sent on shore.

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In the annals of the sea rovers no names are to be found more terrible than those of Lolonnois and Montbar, natives of France, and distinguished among the fraternity, by pre-eminence in crime. Little, however, is known about the ancestry of the pirate, who afterwards became so celebrated for the variety and vicissitudes of his life, for desperate courage and insatiable cruelty. He had either been kidnapped when young, or had left France under a form of engagement then in common use in several countries of Europe, by which the adventurer agreed to serve for a certain number of years in the colonies. This practice, which was termed indenting, was indeed common till a very recent period, and was liable to great abuses. From this servitude Lolonnois escaped, and entered with the Bucaniers. His address and courage soon rendered him conspicuous, and in a few years he was the owner of two canoes, and commanded twenty freebooters. With this small force he captured a Spanish frigate on the coast of Cuba. This Bucanier commander, of whom almost incredible atrocities are related, is said to have frequently thrown overboard the crews of the ships which he took. He is said to have struck off the heads of eighty prisoners with his own hand, refreshing himself by sucking the blood of the victims as it trickled down his sabre. It is even related, that in transports of frantic cruelty he has been known to tear out and devour the hearts of those who fell by his hand, and to pluck out the tongues of others. To this monster cruelty was an affair of calculation as well as delight, and he reckoned the terror inspired by his name among the best means of success. With the fruits of rapine Lolonnois extended his range of depredation, and at last joined forces with another notorious brother of the order, Michael de Basco. With a force of eight ships and 650 men they stormed and plundered the towns of Gibraltar and Maracaibo; the former place being burnt on ransom not being paid, and the latter pillaged though terms of safety had been agreed upon. We shall not dwell upon the atrocities which distinguish this expedition, the most lucrative that had yet been undertaken, as many ships were captured during the cruise, besides the plunder and ransom obtained in the towns. In this affair many of the French hunters had joined; and the booty divided among the whole band, at the island to which they retired for the purpose, amounted to 400,000 pieces of eight in money, plate, merchandise, household furniture, and clothes,—for nothing escaped the ravages of the Bucaniers. The name of Francois Lolonnois, already so formidable on the Spanish Main and the islands, now became a word of deeper horror to the miserable settlers, who lived in a continual dread of a descent.

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The character of Montbar, the other French Bucanier formerly mentioned, is more romantic, if not more humane. He appears to have been one of those unhappy though detestable beings who are created with a raging thirst for blood, and with whom cruelty is a passion and an appetite. Montbar was a gentleman of Languedoc, who from reading in his youth of the horrible cruelties practised by the Spaniards upon the Mexicans and Caribs, imbibed a hatred of the whole Spanish nation, which possessed him like a phrenzy. It is however somewhat strange that the impulse which led this singular person to join the ranks of the Bucaniers urged him to the commission of worse cruelties than those which he reprobated. His comrades were often merciless from the lust of gold; but Spanish blood was the sole passion of Montbar. It is related by Raynal, that while at college, in acting the part of a Spaniard, he assaulted the youth who personated an individual of that hated nation with such fury that he had well nigh strangled him. His imagination was perpetually haunted by the shapes of multitudes of persons butch

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1832.

THE TIMES AS THEY ARE.

Our patrons will readily imagine that we, as Editors of a print devoted to the amusements and gaieties of life, must in these sad times be put to our trumps to find wherewithal to interest and divert our kind readers. If we speculate on "Life in New-York," 'twill be but a gloomy retrospect of the march of a deadly pestilence. If we philosophize on the "Spirit of the Times," we can only say that the fears of the Cholera pervade the nation.

Indeed, wheresoever we turn our eyes, we meet the phantom image of this invisible destroyer. Yet we are daily becoming more and more convinced that a knowledge of the pestilence being actually with us and around us, while we are yet safe in health, is less painful than the dread of its approach, and tends to allay those feverish and nervous alarms which agitate the mind only while the malady is impending at a distance. This has been the case more or less throughout Europe. We are certain that the apprehensions of our own citizens are greatly allayed since its invasion, and especially since an acquaintance with the disease produces the consoling conviction that it almost never attacks the sober, the prudent, the temperate.

Still, such is its influence, both here and abroad throughout the land, that it closes up many a fruitful source of amusement, and throws a shade of sadness over the wonted scenes of merriment and happiness. We hope soon to witness the return of more gladdening times, when with grateful hearts and joyous spirits we shall recommence our gay revivals of the varied rounds and social joys of Life in New-York!—"dashed" with the checkered scenes and moving events characteristic of the Spirit of the Times.

THE GENERAL GLOOM.

No one now in the city, who can hear and see, can disguise from himself the fact of the desertedness of New-York. The pervading gloom hangs "cloud-like" over the city, shutting out every ray of joy and gladness. We had occasion yesterday, to go through the greater portion of the business part of town, and we cannot find words to express the sad and lonely aspect of all those places usually so rife with the spirit of trade. The deadly stillness cannot be conceived of by those whose flight into the country has created it. The foot fall of a straggler is heard for minutes, and heads are popped out of every domicil to watch the passing stranger. The hawkers of coal, wares and fruit have disappeared, and their "cries" crept into the caves of silence. The cartman with his noisy dray has long since pushed into the country, and the bustling waiters and porters have "hacked their plunder," and sought shelter among the farmers. Very many stores are closed and their owners fled. Passing, you will see in those still open a few clerks moodily reading a stale novel, or saddening over an extra report of the Cholera. The dwellings of the rich are generally closed, wearing the grim appearance of houses of confinement. Theatres look ghastly amid the surrounding gloom, while their performances resemble revels in a sepulchre.

Yet there seems to be no panic—no alarm now operating on the community. The timid fled long since, and those remaining seem to exhibit a dogged sullenness, a sort of stubborn defiance to Cholera, and every thing else.

The heart has chilled—each looks on his neighbor with an eye jaundiced with apprehension and selfish fear.

There are a few who intend to leave town yet, but cannot for the life of them tear themselves from their business. Some are lingering to finish a house—others to close a speculation—others again to take advantage of the times, but each and all of this class intend fleeing the instant their fears are thoroughly aroused. This dodging the Cholera is a poor affair; and he may fail in his calculation who thinks to out-general the grim monster by slyly lingering within his grasp, yet ready to dash from his clutches on the slightest signal of danger.

There are left still in the city, we trust, "more than five righteous men." There are indeed whole families whose good sense predominates over their fears, and who are remaining in town calm and happy. The great body of citizens are peculiarly healthy, and judging from the moral courage they have exhibited by remaining here, we anticipate for them an entire immunity from that epidemic which lives on fears and revels on imprudences.

Looking at the past history of the disease, we infer that it will soon abate in our immediate borders, and as we were the first attacked, we shall be soonest well. Then our situation will be peculiar. The city will present almost the only spot in the States where the frightened and the timid may not expect the invasion of the diseases, for like the wolf, it kills its victims, moves onward to other fields, and seldom returns.

We therefore cannot expect this utter stagnation of business will last but a few days longer—then we shall see myriads of strangers taking shelter within our gates, and making us glad with their renewed spirits and joyous countenances—then, too, we shall see the quick return of crowds of frightened citizens, all greedy to renew their wonted avocations, and with "vulturous appetites" replace a portion of that pelf which their fears have wrung from their "bleeding purses."

Boston Daily Atlas.—This recently established Print comes recommended to us by the extreme neatness of its typography and the spirit of its contents. It is printed like its popular contemporary, the Boston Transcript, on a small sheet, well filled with valuable advertisements and racy editorials.

The Publisher, Mr. Eastburn, is distinguished for his enterprise and severe application to business, and Mr. Norton, who has charge of the Editorial department, is a gentleman of rare literary attainments, whose great experience in conducting a paper must ensure him merited success.

Both gentlemen have our best wishes for the ultimate achievement of their highest hopes in the establishment of their beautiful morning paper.

The Rain.—We do not recollect to have seen a greater fall of rain in the space of 30 minutes than occurred on Tuesday last. Our streets at right angles with Broadway were washed by currents of a size that would do credit to large mill brooks. As they poured along we were strongly reminded of touring, and those mountain streams whose rushing swiftness betokens the abode of the speckled favourite. During the following night the storm was renewed, and continued for twelve successive hours.—Our streets never looked cleaner, and if proper precaution has been taken to prevent the accumulation of water in cellars and gutters, the storm will have had the effect to sweep off the gathering impurities of a three week's drought, and cool a dry and heated atmosphere.

Some weeks since the editor of the Kingston Patriot, U. C. sent us his paper surmounted by a lithographic sketch of a most enormous swine. It struck us most ludicrously. A fat joke was the least we could make of it, and without a moments examination the suspicion was engendered, that *more was meant* by this "emblematical portrait" than met the eye. Whereupon we very good naturedly (we are always amiable) pen'd an item which we intended as a random shot, trusting it would reach the mark, if our conjecture was right, and if wrong would fall harmlessly into forgetfulness.

Drawing our bow thus at a venture and surely with no very malicious intent, imagine our astonishment to find, by the Patriot of the 3d instant, that we have been playing with edged tools, and have most lucklessly aroused the indignation of the sensitive editor, who in more than one long editorial article, had given us such a blast that our very knees shook beneath us.

He dashes upon us at no measured pace, fortifying his approaches by a sly chuckling of self gratulation, then pouncing upon us in one fell swoop of bitterness and wrath. He insinuates we have no wit—there he's right. Begs us "to imbue him with knowledge"—we can't, brother, upon honour. Hopes we "shall see that the Spirit of the Times has a pressing tendency to improvement"—glad to see it. Trusts we "shall call in the aid of lithography to picture to the eye what the mind cannot otherwise conceive"—for instance an enormous Porker, or an editor lashing himself into wrath about a small matter. Thinks "some people snarl at what they cannot bite"—for instance a hungry editor at a living Porker. Wishes "to laud whatever is meritorious"—doubtless, for he lauded the Porker. Says "he blushes to say he cannot perceive the value of our joke"—we blushed too, when we saw the Porker. Says "it may prove a pearl of great price"—what, a *jewelled* Porker! Says "first impressions are very durable"—true, we shall never forget the Porker.

Really, our unpretending item has got us into sad pickle; and though it may be, as the irritable gentleman insists, devoid of all wit or humour, it seems to contain something very much beyond what we intended, thus to have given umbrage to a brother editor, and brought down on ourselves a most serious and uncourteous reply.

However, we in these Cholera times must not get choleric, and shall not follow the lead so invitingly made us. Indulging these amiable feelings, and disavowing all intention of giving offence, we cannot find in our hearts to retort with bitterness or even wince under the doubtless classic severity of our incensed brother. We therefore close our article in all kindness, with best hopes that the spirit of forbearance will be restored to the editor of the Patriot, to whom, however, we would fain recommend the prudent husbanding of his resources, for it is well to recollect that even in newspaper wars there are blows to receive as well as blows to give.

AMERICAN HOTEL.

It gives us great pleasure to correct an erroneous report, which has unfortunately gone abroad, that this splendid establishment had closed in consequence of the existence of Cholera in our city. No such intention has for a moment been entertained, and no circumstances which the fear of the Cholera may produce will cause it to be closed. We are happy to say the American continues to receive its usual portion of the visiters to our city, and offers to all its numerous friends the same attractive inducements to partake of its comforts. Its cool and airy situation, the spaciousness of the apartments—the urbanity and attentive kindness of the host—the bountiful supplies of the table, and the superior purity and excellence of its wines, altogether render it the very abode of health, and happiness, and quiet.

We have just received the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, for the present month, which comes embellished with a fine engraving of the celebrated racer, "English Eclipse," than whom, "few horses of ancient or modern times, have engaged so much the attention of authors and artists." Accompanying the portraiture (copied from one by G. Townley Stubbs, from a painting from life,) is a memoir selected from an "Essay on the proportions of Eclipse, by Charles Vial de Saint Bel—demonstrator of Comparative Anatomy at Montpelier," &c. &c. occupying 66 pages quarto, with plates representing his conformation and dimensions of each part. We shall insert it the first opportunity.

The table of contents present a rich variety of matter interesting to the general reader—to the Sportsman insatiable; a number of extracts grace our columns, to which we would beg leave to call the attention of our readers. The article on our first page will commend itself to all lovers of the Turf, and to those engaged in improving the breed of Horse, it cannot fail to add still further inducements to persevere in their praiseworthy, and we doubt not successful undertaking.

The prospectus for this valuable work may be found in our advertising columns, and we should fill in duty to our Sporting friends by not commending it to their perusal and their patronage.

Mr. Van Buren arrived in Washington on Sunday.

The Mayor of Troy announces that the health of that city continues good.

Leopold, King of Belgium, has just been paying a visit to his intended father-in-law the King of France.

Surely this prince was born under a lucky star to have once married the only daughter of England's George IV.—to be now affianced to a daughter of France, and placed on a throne he did not inherit.

Modern Hospitality.—Newport and Providence, we understand, will not allow a New-Yorker to set foot on their wharves, until he has bleached ten days in the Sound. Now this is not kind, unless these hospitable cities will send a poor devil something to wash away his tears, while scorching in their bay. One might as well stay here and have the Cholera, as attempt to escape eastward, and "starve at Point Judith." Nothing sooner creates utter selfishness than fear. It has become a perfect *maxim*, to which *starving poles* is a mere circumstance. All attempts to elude Cholera, by excluding visitors, must be grounded on an ignorance of the character of this marching malady. Mortals might as well attempt to stop the flight of birds of passage. However, we shall soon have passed through this pestilence, just about the time it will have winged its atmosphere flight to those inhospitable cities, and then, sisters dear, we shall return your compliment of cutting your old friends, by stopping every man, woman and child at Hell Gate, then and there to boil over the agitated "pot" 'till their parched tongues rattle in agony, and their bodies become more transparent than Calvin Edson's. Yes, we will!

General Review.—The first death which occurred in this city, by Malignant Cholera, was at No. 75 Cherry street, on the 27th June. Before Saturday night, the 30th, four persons residing in that house had died. On Saturday or Sunday, two men died of the disease at 15 James slip, after a few hours illness. Previous to 3d July there had been 12 cases and 11 deaths, in different and distant sections of the city. On the 3d, there were 5 cases and 3 deaths. On the 4th, the existence of the disease was officially announced by the Board of Health. On the 5th, they commenced reporting a list of cases and deaths. The numbers reported from that time to this are as follows:—

	Deaths at Bellevue Hospital.	Deaths at Hudson Hospital.	Deaths at Bellevue.	Total of Cases.	Deaths at Dwellings.	Deaths in the City.	Deaths at Bellevue.	Total to Dec.
July 5	4	2	20	30	10			11
6	11		13	21	8		7	15
7	12		14	35	6		6	12
8	27		27	54	10		13	23
9	75		30	57	105		14	14
10	41		25	43	109		13	25
11	43		31	53	128		10	25
12	30		30	53	119		16	27
13	27		30	53	101		22	16
	293	220	248	701	86	6	106	274

OCEAN HOUSE,

At Shrewsbury Inlet, near Long Branch.

This House is now opened for the season. It is pleasantly situated upon the point of beach extending from Long Branch to Sandy Hook, and at the junction of Shrewsbury Inlet and the rivers running to Eatontown and Red Bank.—For all persons fond of sea or river bathing this location possesses rare advantages, being between the surf and the confluence of North and South Shrewsbury Rivers—not more than 100 yards distant from either. Nothing at this place is good at all seasons and there is in constant readiness a supply of fishing tackle, bait, and good boats, for those disposed to indulge in this sport.—A steamboat running every day lands passengers within a stone's throw of the Ocean House.

The highlands of Neversink are near at hand, and will richly repay the trouble of ascending their commanding heights. A view from the *summit* includes all the striking features of an enchanting landscape—the broad ocean, dotted by a hundred sail—the meandering of majestic rivers, and a most lovely view of the adjacent country.

The Proprietor of the Ocean House is Capt. James Pennoyer of the steamboat David Brown, which will run regularly to this place in a few days. The establishment is under the superintendence of Mr. *Lawrence Stillman*, whose polite attentions and experience in catering for the public, cannot fail to give satisfaction to his visitors.

The cool and delightful sea breeze, the pleasant sail, and the amusements of the place, all conspire to make a trip to the Ocean House, at this season, particularly healthful and invigorating.

Parties can leave New-York in the morning, remain at the establishment four or five hours—bathe, fish, dine, &c.—and return by 6 or 7 o'clock, P. M.

A Steamboat will leave the Battery for the above place to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock.

The President's Veto on the Bank Charter Bill, with his reasons therefor, reached here on Thursday morning, and was shortly in the hands of our reading community in the shape of Extras from the offices of the daily papers.

We congratulate the Editors of the New-York Traveller on the greatly improved appearance of their sheet and the variety and raciness of their editorials. Such spirited efforts to deserve patronage will ensure them success.

Mr. Tazewell, of Virginia, was elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate last week—Mr. Calhoun having vacated the chair and returned home to South Carolina.

Rumor whispers that Mr. Forsyth, of Georgia, is to be appointed Secretary of State, it being contemplated to send Mr. Livingston to France.

A drunken man was staggering through Worcester last week with the word "Caroline" chalked in large characters on his back.

It is said that upwards of 240,000 flapjacks are annually consumed in New-York. We should like to have a *slap* at them.—*Glen's Tel.*

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

Mechanics' Bank, Baltimore, letter A. Rail Road vignette, of the denomination of 10 dollars.

Belmont Bank at St. Clairsville, Ohio, of the denomination of 5 dollars, dated May 1st, 1832—paper thinner than usual.

Lively Nature.—The Editor of the Georgia Journal (who is not given to telling hard stories) affirms that he recently saw a five snake at Thomasville, in that state, which is 13 inches long and has *two distinct heads*, each two inches long—Each head appears to mind its own business without any regard to the general welfare; and if food is given to one, the other does his best to appropriate it to himself. The joint concern is represented as being in a remarkably thriving way, and bids fair, if the rival "sovereignties" do not kick up a civil war and dissolve the union to become a snake of respectable dimensions.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

We publish the following communication—not from any desire to make light of the disease now existing in this city—but from a persuasion that it is better to laugh than to cry. We are of the school of Democritus in this respect, and though we would advise no one to blind himself to facts, and then, not seeing them, deny their existence, yet we would have all keep a cheerful mind and wear a smiling aspect.

"A merry heart goes all the way;
A sad one tires in a mile a."

Messrs. Editors.

I wish to make a few additions to the catalogue of anti-cholera cautions. The list already presents a formidable number of items, but the safety of our citizens demands that it be further increased by my suggestions.

A committee should be appointed with special plenary power to compel the inhabitants to water their milk only from which some pumps. Brackish and impure water is an insufferable nuisance, and an efficient exciting cause of cholera.

They should be empowered to suspend for the present all sales of logwood port, and gooseberry champagne. The grocers will not complain at this restriction.

They should station custom house officers along the Connecticut frontier to stop the importation of oak and cabbage-leaf segars, and direct the common hangman to bury or burn those which have already found entrance.

Lawyers should be advised to promote an amicable arrangement between their clients. Litigation disorganizes the temper and irritates the nerves; thereby predisposing the system to receive infection.

All scolds, termagants, speech-making politicians, and disputatious physicians should be confined in the Lunatic Asylum till the danger has passed. They promote one of the worst symptoms of the epidemic—a buzzing in the ears.

Short petticoats and low bosomed dresses are bad for those who wear them, but worse for "the opposite sex," who are dangerously excited by such exhibitions.

The Board of Health, Special Council, Medical Society Committees, Doctors —— and —— and all other fermenting bodies should be copiously treated with Labarraque's disinfecting solution.

No handsome physicians should be allowed to attend upon the ladies—too much admiration is as bad as too much fear.

As cheerfulness is efficacious as a preventive, every man should look as much like his humor the Recorder as possible.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The ship Carroll of Carrollton, Capt. Ingersoll, arrived off this port on Tuesday the 10th inst. from Liverpool, bringing London papers to the 3d and Liverpool to the 4th of June, being four days later than previous advices.

The final passage of the Reform Bill is now considered certain. The third reading was fixed to take place on the 4th, and no opposition to it was anticipated.

In the House of Commons, on the 2d, Sir R. Vyvyan rose to ask the Secretary of Foreign Affairs what was intended by the recent movements in relation to Portugal, and whether the government designed to interfere in the approaching conflict between Don Pedro and Don Miguel—as he deprecated all interference under any pretence whatever.

Lord Palmerston replied, in substance, that the government wished to preserve a strict neutrality, but if Spain should see fit to interfere in behalf of Don Miguel, Great Britain was prepared to take such counteracting measures as were called for by her own interests and dignity. With regard to the particular measures which the Administration had taken to prepare for this alternative, he should decline giving any explanation.

France.—The latest accounts from Paris announce that the movements of the adherents of Charles X. and his family had begun to excite a very general alarm among the friends of the existing government. Troops were marching from every quarter upon La Vendee, where the insurrection was assuming a serious aspect. It was even rumored that Marshal Bourmont, the conqueror of Algiers, had assumed the command of the insurgents. It was stated that, in acting on the offensive against them, no less than five departments must be placed under martial law.

Juvenile Balls.—The early development of the passions which the present system of education calls forth, cannot be calculated by any thing so forcible as the following anecdotes.—A Lilliputian in long clothes, throwing herself languishingly upon a sofa, on her return from church, cried bitterly to her mother: "I really must decline going to church in future, at least we must have our places changed." "Why so my dear?" asked her mother. "Because there is a person in an adjoining pew who stares at me like a jest, and I do assure you, mama, I never gave him the slightest encouragement." This incipient coquette had attained to the respectable age of seven years. The eldest daughter of a gentleman in Russell square, aged six, received a card which ran thus: "Miss B—— at home at 7, punch at 8, quadrilles." It was for the same evening—rather short notice, to be sure for a fashionable assemblage. It elicited the following reply, the father being somewhat of our way of thinking in these matters: "Miss R—— presents her compliments to Miss B——, and regrets to say that she is to be well whipped at 7, and in bed by 8."—*Monthly Mag.*

The Model of a Private Tutor.—"The tutor came to live in the house, and was thought every thing a tutor should be; Lord Arlington liked him, and the liked Lord Arlington; and there was the most perfectly good understanding between them. But it was unfortunately too good an understanding, and one which enabled each to pursue his own course, and to do as he liked without constraining and interfering with the other. So the tutor practised the flute, and botanized and sentimentalized, and mused and reveried, and wrote verses on the first snow drop and the last oak leaf, and indulged the aspirations of his "fine mind" without bestowing a very lavish attention on the still finer mind of his pupil. The pupil meanwhile would be fishing and rabbit-shooting, bird-catching, and shooting, and following the natural bent of lively, healthy active boyhood, little checked by the tutor who found more leisure for his own pursuits; and never checked, except for tearing his coat or dirtying his hands, by the loud and not very intelligent mother, who smiled at the color on his cheek, when he came in warm with exercise, and only said it was 'so good for him.'"—*Arlington, a novel.*

Valuable Certificate.—"We were presented by sellers of coins, who pretended to have dug them out of the ruins of Kainge, but who had probably manufactured them for the occasion—One old fellow, to induce me to purchase, showed me some certificates of character which he had obtained from English travellers, but which, being written in English, he could not read himself. Almost the first which he put into my hand ran thus—'The bearer is a d——d old rascal—kick him out of the camp.'"—*Mungo Park and Denon's Sketches in India.*

The editor of the Newburgh Telegraph is playing his own marriage under the hymeneal head, notices in his editorial columns that as he has taken a partner he desires a settlement of all accounts. We hope his notice will be attended to by all his slow and easy customers. A man should always be square with the world when he commences a new partnership. We doubt not he will find his partner of great aid, if not at the *case* and *press*, in her own department.

It is stated as a fact that during the prevalence of the cholera in Montreal and Quebec not a death of a black man took place of that disorder

ODDS AND ENDS.

A Fair Hit. The Lowell Compend says: "One of our paragraphs is going the rounds credited to some one else. If the knights of the scissors persist in this, we'll tell them a story by and by, that they *won't credit at all*."

Tell that story, neighbor, and we will back you *with it without scissors.*—*Transcript.*

Report Positive. The Fredonia Censor has the following paragraph:

The sapient editor of the Westfield paper labors under a little mistake in saying we "joined a Temperance Society." Although we never subscribed our name that we would not drink, we believe we manage to get along with as little of the article *without* joining, as the Westfield editor does *with* joining.

"I swear, by the constancy of my bosom!" exclaimed a despairing lover to his mistress, "that my passion is unbounded and sincere." "Swear not by my bosom," returned the lady, "for that is *false*." It was made of linen.

Accredited. *Providence Patriot.*

A friend tells us that, passing a window the other day, as the Philadelphia Fencibles were being escorted through our streets, he heard sundry little house-organs discoursing most eloquent music, because their mother had denied them the pleasure of going out to participate in the "procession," and of swallowing their share of the dust kicked up by the hoofs of the cavalcade—till at last, their importunities having completely exhausted the good dame's patience, she cried out angrily: "I wish the devil had all the training"—but, said she immediately, (as if prompted by the ruling passion of mother Eve,) "*if Bedlam has begin loose*, let's go and see it. —*Salem Gaz.*

Remarkable Words.—The Marblehead Gazette contains extracts of a letter written by "A Citizen of Saco, Me.," which describes the ladies of the town as "*charming and indefensible*." The editor says, truly that "the style of the writer is *copious and brief*."

A man is going the rounds of the city of Philadelphia selling a *recipe* for curing the Cholera, and representing himself as the agent of the Board of Physicians and the Board of Health—He charges only a *levenpenny* bit for his "certain cure," but he makes up in number of sales for the lowness of price. It would be advisable to make the *perpetrator* take a dose of his own medicine.—*U. S. Gazette.*

Important to Editors.—We understand that an ingenious mechanic has lately invented and constructed a machine for the manufacture of "*Items*," which promises to be of important advantage to the public in general, and Editors in particular. The machine is described as being something similar in its general appearance to a *Coffee Mill*—a variety of articles on interesting subjects, each not exceeding *half a column* in length, are cut from the newspapers, and transferred to the hopper. On turning a crank they disappear instantly, and in a few moments on examining the drawer beneath—they will be found in a new shape—thoroughly *exchanged*—in a wood, converted into Epigrams, Commodrums, and Items.

Exeter News Letter.

A gentleman in New-York, who was to have made several passages up and down the Hudson this season, has become alarmed in consequence of the racing of the boats, and has concluded to send his wife.

The Boston Daily Advertiser remarks.—"It is a singular fact that in the first ten hours of the 4th of July the amount of property destroyed by fire was greater than the whole preceding six months."

A fat growing sick of his business, deserted his shop, went into the country, and fared himself to a farmer. He was immediately set to ploughing with a yoke of oxen and an old mare, called Jin. The sailor being wholly unacquainted with the management of the larks, steers and locomotives of his old mare and oxen, in his first attempt to put about, missed stays, and by turning the yoke, threw Jin and the oxen all in a heap together. Jack, frightened with the confusion, bawled out for help. The farmer asked "what's the matter?" "Matter!" says he, "enough, by my conscience! Here's the blessed ox has got out on the starboard side—and Jin has got out in the ringing, and they are going to the devil stern foremost."

Handsome Compliment.—A splendid silver pitcher of the largest size and of beautiful workmanship, was, on Tuesday evening last, presented to Messrs. Duly, Forrest, and Jones, Managers of the Arch Street Theatre, in approbation of their course in the conduct of that establishment during the past season. The presentation took place on the stage of the Theatre, a number of gentlemen being present to witness and participate in the ceremonies. The pitcher was tendered on behalf of the donors by Morton M. Mitchell, Esq. whose speech on the occasion was eloquent, appropriate and happy. He was replied to in suitable terms by Mr. Jones, on behalf of the managers. After the presentation, the company sat down to a sumptuous collation. The utmost good feeling prevailed throughout the evening, in the course of which some excellent speeches were made, toasts given, and songs sung. We must defer an official account of so creditable a festival, which will be prepared for publication. *Phil. pa.*

Musical Affair on Miss Simpson. You remember Mrs. Siddons had a peculiar manner of extending her arm as she left the stage. "What grace," said the world, with tears in its eyes, "what dignity! what a wonderful way of extending an arm! you see her whole soul is in the part!" The arm was in reality stretched impatiently out for a prize from the snuff-box that was always in readiness behind the scenes.

Mysterious!—The head of a man and the body of an infant have been found in a bale of hay, which was landed, a few days since, from the ship Apollo, from Portsmouth, N. H.—*New-Orleans Argus.*

Tribute of Rural Economy. We have received the second number of a weekly paper with the foregoing title, devoted to the improvement of American Agriculture, published at Newburgh, by J. D. Spalding & Co. and edited by J. W. Knevels, Esq. Terms of subscription $2. The number can be seen at this office.

Steam Boat Accident.—The Adam Duncan on her way from Wells's River, about two miles above Haverhill, met with an accident on the 4th inst. by which a valuable citizen lost his life. One of the pipes connected with the boiler gave way, and a passenger, Dr. Dean of Bath in attempting to avoid the hot water and steam which issued from the fracture, as was supposed, leaped or fell overboard, and was drowned. He was in the engine room at the time, with another gentleman who escaped unhurt.—*Hanover (N.) Jour.*

Another Mrs. Chapman.—We understand that a Mrs. Day, of Licking county, Ohio, has been indicted for the murder of her husband. She gave him arsenic in his food.

A census of the sheep and dogs in Washington county, Ohio, was taken this spring by the assessors, and the result shows a total of 28,947 sheep, and 1,118 dogs within that county.

We were presented last week, by Mr. Henry Goodhart, of Bristol township, in this county, with a lemon, which measured around the sides, nine inches and a half, round the ends twelve inches, and which weighed 10¾ lbs. This is the largest lemon, either of domestic or foreign production, that we ever recollect noticing. The same tree bore 37 others, nearly as large in growth. The present from Mr. G. formed a principal ingredient in a large pitcher of lemonade, in which his health was drank on the 4th inst. by the hands in our office, with three hearty cheers—the first for Mr. G. the second for the American System, and the third for the Day.—*Saturday E. Post.*

Wrong on Debate.—Mr. Burke one day, in the warmth of debate, spoke some words rather disrespectful of the government. Mr. Geo. Onslow called him to order, and said he would not be silent and hear the sovereign insulted. Mr. Burke, in explanation, said that "Though he reverenced his majesty's own person, he saw no reason for respecting his majesty's *mere servant and his coach servant but as and his ass.*"

Our Theatres, notwithstanding the efforts to make them attractive, are forced to submit to the influence of the pestilence.

The American has closed for a season.

The Park continues its efforts to attract houses, but the fears of the community are not easily allayed—crowded houses are avoided, and we can hardly expect to witness a bumper until the Cholera has left us and the weather become more congenial to our comfort and health.

Richmond Hill is also open, and we presume gets its share of patronage, but the receipts must be small.

DESCRIPTION OF N. YORK.

We cannot certainly complain of the following lively description of our pride-inspiring city, by that fastidious lady, the notable Madam Trollope, who, notwithstanding her abuse of our western citizens, has very graciously been pleased to do us some justice, both in her praises and her strictures. We commend its perusal.

"At length, however, we found ourselves alive on board the boat which was to convey us down the Raritan river to New-York.

"We fully intended to have gone to bed, to heal our bones, on entering the steamboat, but the sight of a table neatly spread, determined us to go to dinner instead. Sin and shame would it have been, indeed, to have closed our eyes upon the scene which soon opened before us. I have never seen the bay of Naples, I can therefore make no comparison, but my imagination is incapable of conceiving any thing of the kind more beautiful than the harbor of New-York. Various and lovely are the objects which meet the eye on every side; but the naming of them would only be to give a list of words, without conveying the faintest idea of the scene. I doubt if even the pencil of Turner could do it justice, bright and glorious as it rose upon us. We seemed to enter the harbor of New-York upon waves of liquid gold, and as we darted past the green isles which rise from its bosom, like guardian sentinels of the fair city, the setting sun stretched his last long beams farther and farther at each moment, as if to point out to us some new glory in the landscape.

"New-York indeed appeared to us, even when we saw it by a solemn light, a lovely and a noble city. To us, who had been so long travelling through half-cleared forests, and sojourning among an "I'm as good as you" population, it seemed, perhaps, more beautiful, more splendid, and more refined than it might have done, had we arrived directly from London; but, making every allowance for this, I must still declare that I think New-York one of the finest cities I ever saw, and as much superior to every other in the Union, (Philadelphia not excepted,) as London to Liverpool, or Paris to Rouen. Its advantages of position are, perhaps, unequalled any where. Situated on an island, which I think it will one day cover, it rises, like Venice, from the sea, and like that fairest of cities in the days of her glory, receives into its lap tribute of all the riches of the earth.

"The southern point of Manhattan Island divides the waters of the harbor into the North and East rivers; on this point stands the city of New-York, extending from river to river, and running northward to the extent of three or four miles. I think it covers nearly as much ground as Paris, but it is much less thickly peopled. The extreme point is fortified towards the sea by a battery, and forms an admirable point of defence, but in these piping days of peace, it is converted into a public promenade, and one more beautiful, I should suppose, no city could boast. From thence commences the splendid Broadway, as the fine avenue is called, which runs through the whole city. Every wide street may we with any I ever saw. For its length and breadth, its handsome shops, neat awnings, excellent *trottoirs*, and well-dressed pedestrians. It has not the crowded glitter of Boulevard des Italiens, nor the gorgeous frontal palaces of Regent-street; but it is magnificent in its extent, and ornamented by a vast handsome buildings, some of them surrounded by grass and trees. The Park, in which stands the noble City Hall, is a very fine area. I never heard that the Hall, is a very fine area. I never heard that the most graphic description of a city could give me any feeling of being there, and, even if others may have the power, I am very sure I have not, of setting churches and squares, and long drawn streets, before the mind's eye. I will not, therefore, attempt a detailed description of this great metropolis of the new world, but will only say that, during the seven weeks we staid here, we always found something new to see and to admire; and were it not so very far from all the old world things which ring about the heart of a European, I should say I never saw a city more desirable as a residence.

"The dining houses of the higher classes are extremely handsome, and very richly furnished. Silver plate furniture is as often, or oftener, seen than Sheffield; the mirrors are as handsome as in London; the sideboards, slabs, and marble tables as elegant; and, in addition, they have all the pretty tasteful decoration of French porcelain and of molu in much greater abundance, because at a much cheaper rate. Every part of their houses is well carpeted, and the exterior finishing such as steps, railings, and door-frames, are very superior. Almost every house has handsome green blinds on the outside; balconies are not very general, nor do the houses display, externally, so many flowers as those of Paris and London; but I saw many rooms decorated within exactly like those of an European *petit maitresse*. Little tables, looking and smelling like flower-beds, portfolios, nick-nacks, bronzes, busts, canaries, and alabaster vases, illustrated copies of lady-like rhymes bound in silk, and, in short, all the pretty concomitants of the drawing-room scattered about with the same profuse and fearless negligence as with us.

"Hudson Square and its neighborhood is, I believe, the most fashionable part of the town; the square is beautiful, excellently well planted with a great variety of trees, and only wanting a frequent and careful mowing to make it equal to any square in London. The iron railing which surrounds this enclosure is as large and as handsome as that of the Tuileries and it will give some idea of the care bestowed on its decoration to know that the gravel for the walks was conveyed by barges from Boston, not as ballast, but as freight.

"The great defect in the houses is their extreme uniformity—when you have seen one, you have seen all. Neither do I quite like the arrangement of the rooms. In nearly all the houses the dining and drawing rooms are on the same floor, with ample folding doors between them; when thrown together they certainly make a very noble apartment; but no doors can be barred sufficient between dining and drawing rooms. Mixed dinner parties of ladies and gentlemen, however, are very rare, which is a great defect in the society, not only as depriving them of the most social and hospitable manner of meeting, but as leading to frequent dinner parties of gentlemen without ladies, which certainly does not conduce to refinement.

"The evening parties, excepting such as are expressly for young people, are chiefly conversational. We were too late in the season for large parties, but we saw enough to convince us that there is a society to be met with in New-York, which would be deemed delightful any where—Cards are very seldom used, and music, from their having very little professional air at their parties, is seldom, I believe, as good as what is heard at private concerts in London.

"The Americans have certainly not the same knack of being amused as other people; they may be the wiser for this, perhaps, but it makes them less agreeable to a looker on.

"There are three Theatres at New-York, all of which we visited. The Park Theatre is the only one licensed by fashion, but the Bowery is infinitely superior in beauty; it is, indeed, as pretty a theatre as ever I entered, perfect as to size and proportion, elegantly decorated, and the scenery and machinery equal to any in London, but it is not the fashion. The Chatham is so utterly condemned by the *bon ton* that it requires some courage to intrude upon going there, nor do I think my curiosity would have penetrated so far, had I not seen Miss Mitchell's Romeo advertised there. It was the first opportunity I had of seeing it played, and spite of very indifferent acting, I was delighted. The interest must have been great, for, till the curtain fell, I saw not one quarter of the queer things around me. Then I observed in the front row of a dress box a lady performing the most maternal office possible; several gentlemen without their coats, and a general air of contempt for the decencies of life, certainly more than usually revolting.

"At the Park Theatre I again saw the American Roscius, Mr Forrest. He played the part of Othello, and roared. I thought, very unlike a negro. I cannot admire this celebrated performer.

"Another night we saw Cinderella there: Mrs. Austin was the prima donna, and much admired. The piece was extremely well got up, and on this occasion we saw the Park Theatre to advantage, for it was filled with well dressed company; but still we saw many "yet unraised tips" polluted with the grim tinge of the hateful tobacco, and hereof, seldom ceasing, the spitting which of course is its consequence. If their theatres had the orchestra of the Feydeau, and a chorus of angels to boot, I could find but little pleasure, so long as they were followed by this running accompaniment of *through-bass*.

"The Exchange is very handsome, and ranks about midway between the heavy gloom that hangs over our London merchants, and the light and lofty elegance which decorate the Bourse at Paris. The churches are plain, but very neat, and kept in perfect repair within and without; but I saw none which had the least pretension to splendour; the Catholic cathedral at Baltimore is the only church in America which has."

CHOLERA ANECDOTES.

One day last week, the zeal of two men, "dressed in a little brief authority," was very ingeniously exhibited in the course of what they supposed was a delicate patient, under a shady tree in the Park, whom they were conveying by the aid of others, to his appropriate destination in the Cholera Hospital, as a suitable place to die. The poor fellow it seems had indulged a little too much brandy for the good of his health, and his locomotive power being suspended, he was lying very happily in the grass, in a state of elysian unconsciousness. While on this enviable condition, the capture took place, and a wheel-barrow having been provided, he was trundled along towards the harbor of New-York upon waves of liquid gold, and as we darted past the golden isles which rise from its bosom, like guardian sentinels of the fair city, the setting sun stretched his last long beams farther and farther at each moment, as if to point out to us some new glory in the landscape.

"New-York indeed appeared to us, even when we saw it by a solemn light, a lovely and a noble city. To us, who had been so long travelling through half-cleared forests, and sojourning among an "I'm as good as you" population, it seemed, perhaps, more beautiful, more splendid, and more refined than it might have done, had we arrived directly from London; but, making every allowance for this, I must still declare that I think New-York one of the finest cities I ever saw, and as much superior to every other in the Union, (Philadelphia not excepted,) as London to Liverpool, or Paris to Rouen. Its advantages of position are, perhaps, unequalled any where. Situated on an island, which I think it will one day cover, it rises, like Venice, from the sea, and like that fairest of cities in the days of her glory, receives into its lap tribute of all the riches of the earth.

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LONDON.

EXPORTATION OF ITALIANS AND MONKEYS.—An Italian lad, named Andre Malvermi, was brought before Mr. Hoskins with his monkey and dog, charged by Mr. Charles Prouting, with suffering the monkey to bite the arm of the complainant's little boy, who was playing with some children.

It appeared from the statement of William Stone, who happened to be passing through York place at the time the children were playing, that he was obliged to kick the monkey, in order to extricate the child, but not before he was bitten by the animal in the arm.

Malvermi, by his interpreter, said that his monkey had been teased by several boys, some throwing stones at him, whilst others had pulled him by the tail.

Mr. Prouting said that he felt no desire to prosecute the poor Italian, who, he understood, had endeavored to pull the monkey back at the moment—but he had incurred a trifling bill, owing to the monkey's bite.

Malvermi, by his interpreter, now consented to allow the complainant ten shillings.

Mr. Hoskins, addressing the interpreter, who is likewise an agent for these Italian boys, said, "Well, sir, I hope that such cases are not likely to come before me again."

Interpreter—There is no danger of that, your worship, as to my client, for he is about to embark for America, with his *singe et chien*, as he calls his whole stock in trade, in a few days.

Mr Hoskins here inquired if such imports were encouraged by the United States?

Interpreter—There are 14 of these lads, your worship, with their animals, now about to embark for New-York, and they all expect to do well.

Malvermi paid the ten shillings, on which himself and the monkey and dog were permitted to depart in order to embark for America.

BOSTON.

A party of gallows birds entered the bar room of the Cornhill Coffee House last night; after eating sundry cranberry pies and a quantity of Madam Nichols delicate cake, which was left on a table,—they proceeded to business—broke open and ransacked a writing desk—carried off one of the drawers in which were a few coppers, and a quarter box of cigars. The liquor was not touched nor a single bottle of wine stolen, although they might have chosen from a great variety of the very best. Several silver spoons and other portable articles of value were exposed to their rapacity, but they resisted the temptation. On the whole, they behaved so well and deported themselves, under circumstances, with so much modesty and discretion, that the proprietor is willing to forgive and forget, if they will return the drawer or purchase the writing desk—*Transcript*

PHILADELPHIA.

Peter Statz was seen on Tuesday night, dancing in the street, apparently in a paroxysm of fury. He accompanied his bacchanalian capers with loud and protracted howlings, varied by occasional staccato passages, introducing the four pleas of the crown, fire, murder, robbery, &c. The watch ran down and endeavored by pacific measures to compose the irritation of Peter Statz, but without success. Peter grappled him, and roared murder yet louder, until the watch was compelled 'to hit Peter three or four sousers' with such force as to obfuscate his faculties so effectually, that he was unable to continue his vagaries.

'Oh! man, don't hit a *fellow* again. It don't feel good, no how.'

'What do you mean by such an uproar.'

'Somebody has stolen my coat, two handkerchiefs, and ten dollars in silver. Oh, dear.'

'Well, but don't halloo so loud. Fire has got nothing to do with it, nor murder either.'

'Hasn't it, I ask you? It's a burning shame, and the thief is a bloody villain. Fire, murder!'

'Hush—look here, Swipey, don't oblige me to hit you another crack. If you know when you are well off, shut up at once.' By threats, Statz was conveyed to the watch-house, where he accused the whole concern of misusing him and taking his clothes and money. In the morning, however, he recanted, and conducted himself quite amiably.

'Peter, what do you say to the charge?'

'Please your honor, I was drunk, and, if it is displeasing to any body, I ask your pardon.'

'You must be fined.'

'You don't say so! Very well, I have 3 cents in cash, and here's my old hat in trade.'

Upon being informed of the amount of the fine, Peter was horror-struck.

'This is out of all natur,' said Peter. 'Please let us off. I'll go away, and wont come back for a year, and then I'll be sober. Wont you let's off—hay?'

'If you are punished, it will be a lesson to you. I cannot let you go.'

'Well, if this aint wuss and wuss. I am in a slick pickle,' observed Peter, as he retired with an officer, in search of an accommodating friend to release him from his embarrassing situation.

On Tuesday night, Jenkin Betts came slowly up the street, so absorbed in thought, that he made no invidious distinctions between the side walks, and the carriage-way, depending upon the houses to keep him in a direct course. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and the crowd of passengers had visibly diminished, so that Jenkins contrived to progress without much interruption, and, if it had not been for the obstinacy of the lamp and awning posts, he would doubtless have reached his home unmarked by a damaged proboscis. But even Jenkin has his crosses; and the excellence of his temper is not proof against continued unmannerly opposition. After a violent contact with a post he fell.

'So—so—so, look out,' said Jenkin, 'Drat my buttons, if there aint a bump on both ends of my calabash. This 'ere corporation of Philadelphia has a design upon my life; but they've come across a gum stump. Self-preservation is the first of nature's laws, and I'll tick the next chap that I meet. The people are all in a plot agin me, but Jenkin Betts is pluck—yes, pluck.' Repeating the word, Jenkin regained his feet, and staggered onward to the door of a barber's shop which was yet open. Here he stopped and surveying the establishment with great disdain, exclaimed, 'Peter Caxon, Hair Dresser, hum—hair dresser, indeed! Hallo! Caxon come out and I'll dress you in the most approved fashion. Tumble out, wig block, and take a lesson in the art of dressing!'

Mr. Caxon, however, was not so green. He cogitated himself by shouting for assistance, which arrived just as Jenkin, finding the barber a shy customer, was about to poke it out with the sign pole. He submitted to his fate with a most edifying composure. When called upon for a defence, he spoke to the following purport: 'I never get drunk, and I've got no friends to testify to my character. My strange behavior is owing to a house falling on top of me, one time; which killed and crippled us all, and me too. The complainant consenting, Jenkin Betts was reproved and dismissed.

A clever opportunity to extend the circle of one's acquaintance, is offered by a correspondent of the Portsmouth State Herald. In the words following to wit:

"A smith in this town actually went to the iron store, bought his iron, carried it to his shop and made one thousand staples in less time than three hours. He had to assist him another smith to cut off the iron and file the scragly parts off. Now if any blacksmith out of this town can beat this, I should be happy to be acquainted with him."

SAGACITY OF ELEPHANTS.—The battering train going to the siege of Seringapatam had to cross the sandy bed of a river that resembled other rivers of the Peninsula, which have, during the dry season, but a small stream of water running in them, though their beds are mostly of a considerable breadth, very heavy for draught, and absorbing in quicksands. It happened that an artillery man who was seated on the limbers of one of the guns, by some accident fell off, in such a situation that in a second or two the limbers would have gone over him. The elephant which was standing behind the gun, perceiving the predicament in which the man was, instantly, without any warning from his keeper, lifted up the wheel with its trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of him.—*Military Adventures.*

PROVINCETOWN.—Steamboats and other vessels from New York, are permitted to land at this city, after the Health officer has examined the passengers and crews, and found them free from Cholera, or other infectious or contagious diseases.

We learn from the New York papers that the Saratoga and Schenectady Rail Road is expected to be opened for the transportation of passengers during the present week.

SPORTING NEWS.

LAST WEEK'S MATCHES,

Over the Mount Vernon Trotting Course.

Communicated for the Spirit of the Times.

THURSDAY, July 12, 1832.

The match for this day was not so rife with interest as usual, in consequence of PEACOCK being almost without a rival. The advertisement stated that the Course for this day would be open to "horses of any description," and *Peacock the race* being entered, great difficulty was found in procuring any horse to cope with him. DICK SCOTT, however, who is "pluck to the back bone," determined to "give him a try," but 'twas no go;—he was distanced the 1st heat, and the beautiful Peacock merely walked the 2d.

Peacock	1	1
Dick Spott	2	2

In future, none but trotters will be entered for matches over this Course, and three judges will be chosen to select horses for the match, as they appear on the days appointed; it will be their duty to select such horses as will conduce to render the sports interesting, and worthy the attention of all breeders and trainers of that noble animal. W. O.

From the American Sporting Magazine for July.

A HARD FIGHT.

Nashville, Tenn. Feb. 28th, 1832.

MR. EDITOR:—Some months since, having become weary of a city life, I concluded to visit that part of Tennessee called the Western District, to join in the amusing sports of fowling and hunting. Having called up our dogs, (which were as good as ever followed the track of an animal,) we set out, all in fine spirits. We had not proceeded far before the bark of our favorite (old Trim) was heard at the distance of about three hundred yards. At that instant we gave a hunter's yell to encourage the old fellow, and quickened our step, eager to get to the place. So soon as we had arrived at the spot, we discovered that the animal was a venerable old racoon, sitting on one of the uppermost limbs of a tall and slender hickory. One of the company, (who was as good a climber as ever hugged a sapling,) immediately ascended the tree. After finding that it was utterly impossible to shake the animal from the limb, he cut a large stick from the tree, with which he commenced giving the old fellow tremendous blows, (which did not feel very agreeable, if we may judge from his continual growling.) After giving him the stick for *half an hour*, he at last fell to the ground, making a noise similar to the rolling of distant thunder. The dogs instantly sprang upon him, and the whole company stood gazing at the desperate combat.—To our utter astonishment, he was too hard for all of our dogs, (which were nine in number, and of the best kind for fighting,) and would have finally made his escape, had we not prevented him in his progress, by putting an end to his life. At this time the hour was growing late, and our dogs were fatigued on account of the desperate struggle they had sustained with this ferocious animal—the swamp racoon.

A LOVER OF SPORT.

[The above is worthy of insertion, were it only to show the incomparable powers and indomitable courage of this animal, when its life is at stake. Its teeth are as sharp as needles, and its limbs as flexible as if made of the softest wire.—Its great prowess as a combatant, and the unfailing courage with which it fights to the last gasp, has not been adequately noticed by those who have written its natural history.—

P. S. The marsh and the upland racoon are distinguished from each other most particularly by the difference in the length and colour of the tail—a fact which came to our knowledge on a hunt near Tree Hill, in Virginia, where racoons were found when we wanted to find foxes.]—*Ed. Sporting Magazine.*

GREAT TROTTING MATCH.—A challenge being given for trotting two miles in harness for $1,000—a Boston horse against any horse to be found—it has been accepted by old Top Gallant—the match to come off in sixteen days.—We shall announce the result in our next.—*Turf Register.*

KATE KENNON, b. f. 3 years old, by Contention, with her dam (Columbia, by Sir Archy, now in foal to Sir Charles) with a two year old Tonson filly, has been sold to O. P'Hara, Esq of Petersburg, Va. for $2,000, cash.—*Ib.*

TENNESSEE VS. KENTUCKY.—The sportsmen of this state are about proposing three great match races to the Kentuckians, of 2, 3, and 4 mile heats,—each for $5,000 a side, to be run upon the most central course between Nashville and Lexington, some time during next fall.

Ib. A TENNESSEAN.

BETTING DOWN EAST.—A Herculean, red-haired, curly-headed fellow in Thomaston, [Me.] bet that he could cut off the butt end of a pine log twenty-five inches in diameter, with a jackknife, in eight hours. There were several bets to the amount of fifty dollars laid upon his ability to perform the job, which he did in five hours and a half, with the averment that he could do it in four hours with a better knife. The champion received five dollars and grog for his performance.

GREAT MOWING.—A few days ago, in consequence of a wager, Mr. John Bastian, of Passeyunk township, and Mr. H. Hendricks, of Blockley township, Philadelphia county, each mowed an acre of grass, supposed to yield a ton and a half of hay. The bet was won by Bastian, who performed his task in 2 hours and 32 minutes.—Hendricks took 1 minute longer. We reckon this was not slow for Philadelphia county.

A SUIT for a "Breach of promise," was tried last week in Somerset County, N. J. in which the plaintiff was a widow named Alice Howell, and the defendant a young man named Joseph C. M Coy. The evidence was not very creditable to the lady's character for virtue. The Jury however, found a verdict in her favor, assessing the damages for her disappointment, her loss of reputation, and her loss of a husband, at $10.

PARTRIDGES.—*To Farmers.*—As the season is now approaching for cutting the harvest, I think it is well to remind the farmer, this is also the season when very many of those fine birds are destroyed in the fields by the hands employed either in wantonly killing the young, or by breaking the eggs found unhatched. All who are anxious to preserve the breed of this delicious bird, would do well to prohibit any interference with them or their nest, under pain of being immediately dismissed the field. The partridge, owing to the last very severe winters, has almost disappeared from among us—the necessity therefore, if we wish to retain them, of affording them protection for a year or two will be apparent to all.

Frederick Herald.

PERSPICUITY.—The following was posted up in the county of Kent, in the year 1821:—"Notice is hereby given that the Marquis of Camden (on account of the backwardness of the harvest) will not shoot himself, nor any of his tenants till the 14th of September."

From the Columbia (Pa.) "spy."

TO MISS CATHARINE JAY, OF UTICA.

I wish I was in U T K,
As once I us'd 2 B,
For there resides Miss K T J
And her I long 2 C.

For I do love sweet K T J,
I b'lieve she loves me 2,
And if her love should e'er D K,
I'll never love N U.

My K T is discreet & Y Y Y,
So is she 2 "some 2,"
The "e might N V her her I I,
When she looks up 2 view.

Another maid like my dear K S,
I ne'er Xpect 2 C;
O how it will my soul L S
When mine she deigns 2 B!

I've wandered far o'er land and C,
A fortune to ere S,
I've 2d O I O and I D,
Far from my native S!S.

Still K T J is fac B!
All other maids I C;
Her XLNC I adore
As a lovely N T T.

So here's a health 2 K T J,
There's 9 2 me so D R.
And soon I'll be in U T K,
When I do hope 2 C R.

K T, perhaps U wonder Y
So long I trouble U,
But NE time this meets U R I,
Pray think on W.

JOSEPH BUONAPARTE,

Count de Survilliers, lately paid a short visit to Washington. We are glad to learn that he was received there by the President and other chief members of the Government with the kindest and amplest courtesy. They welcomed him, not as a political personage, but as an enlightened and amiable gentleman, whose deportment and dispositions during his residence of seventeen years in our country have entitled him to the esteem and best offices of every American citizen—as one who had occupied thrones with the spirit of a *liberal* and systematically endeavored to promote the improvement and happiness of the great body of the people. The equanimity with which he has borne the loss of royal grandeur, and his long exile from France, without an abatement of concern in the affairs of the French nation—the respect, regard and just conception with which he has viewed and represented the institutions, social and political, of the American republic—the perfect adaptation of his feelings and social habits to those of American life,—the munificent but unostentatious use which he has made of his possessions,—are circumstances which imply much in our estimation among sojourners, and induce us to make that public mention of his character and such an incident as his reception at Washington, which we would avoid in ordinary cases of a private nature. It becomes all Americans, and public writers particularly, to abstain from communication or adulation of *mere* rank, power, or opulence, present or past: but, at the same time, to honor conduct, principles and purposes which render either of those adventitious attributes most beneficial and truly splendid—to signalize worth when it is peculiar and exemplary—to indorse a degree of gratitude for sentiments, sympathies, testimony and assistance that are exceedingly rare on the part of foreigners in behalf of the democratic communities of the western world.

It might be deemed at a proper hint to say one of the very earliest and fastidious gentlemen or ladies who come among us from abroad—deckers for monarchy and embarrassers of Europ can condition and manners—to say them—"There is here an ex king, who has reigned in Spain and Naples, of comprehensive education and mature age, of a sagacious and observant mind, of great influence a brother of Napoleon, brother in law of the monarch of Sweden, in such of princes and dukes, who has passed more than three lustres in our country, travelled repeatedly over a large part of its surface, mixed with all its circles, seen in detail all its classes and forms of society—but who *takes no airs whatever*; has suffered no disgust nor inconvenience; even admires much in American modes and notions, and in the genius and operation of our institutions; and who believes what he does not hesitate to proclaim, that the American people are on the whole more moral, informed and fortunately circumstanced, than any other, either contemporary or of any former age."—We do not say that he has learnt to desire a democratical government for *France*; nor would we intimate that any foreigner should prefer our system to royalty for any of the monarchial countries of Europe: we propose the hint simply as a caution against early, arrogant, and sweeping condemnation; we put the modesty or prudence of the common critics on its guard—there being such an individual to be adduced for comparison with themselves, and to give countenance to discoveries and statements and moods and sensibilities the very reverse of theirs, whether expressed orally alone, or on tablets, or in letters, or in formal books, or articles in the London Quarterly and Blackwood's Magazine.—*Nat. Gaz.*

PATRIOTISM BY THE BUSHEL.—The Weekly Messenger, published at "Printers Retreat," Indiana, speaking of the meetings of militia companies in the neighborhood, to raise a force to go against the Indians—says that out of the 8th company, 16 of which were present at a meeting, 36 volunteered their services. It also mentions that a "*Peter Atheneer*, of Captain Teague's company 11th Reg. I. M. a few days ago, caused the forefinger of his right hand to be cut off, to disable him from performing military duty! Also, another *brave young Man*, Moses F. of the same company, believing that discretion is the better part of valor, retreated, after being notified to attend a meeting of his company, to the state of Ohio. Girls, look out for Moses—he is a sleek chap; but remember that he who wont protect his country, won't protect a wife. Since the commencement of the Indian War, we hear of much *sickness*, and of many *invalids*! One man, who it is said, can run down a deer at a foot race, claims exemption from military duty, because he is *lame*. Another, who boasts that he can raise a barrel of whiskey up and drink out of the bung hole, claims exemption from general *debility*!

The newest fashion for napping Hats is a most commodious one. They are napt all round with a *nap cut off*. The saving of fur is thought to be pretty considerable, and the saving of labor something to speak of.

Nearly all the old land genial school of wits and conversalists, has been withdrawn from us by the death of Mr. John Taylor, (better known as "Jack Taylor") which occurred on Sunday, May 6th. This gentleman was for many years the editor of the Sun newspaper, and was the author of many poetical effusions, some of which (as, for instance, the facetious tale of "Monsieur Tonson,") have enjoyed considerable celebrity.

Yankee Enterprise vs. Cholera.—Nothing can scare the tin peddlers of Connecticut, provided there is a prospect of gain. Soon after the Cholera made its appearance in Montreal, one of these pedlars was found trudging into the city, with a fresh cargo of camphor and cups, to sell. He sold the camphor in small parcels and made $300 by the speculation, the cups remained on hand. Another ingenious fellow was laden with a cargo of fashionable white paper hats. He heard of the Cholera in Canada—he scratched his head—"I guess," said he, "there is no market here for hats, so here goes another spec." He dismounted, put his hats into a mortar, ground them down made them into very pretty pills—labelled them "Cholera Pills"—sold them rapidly, made money, and what is more—made many cures.—*Courier.*

The late Sir Wathin William Wynne, talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere upstart.—"Ah," said he, "how so, pray?" "Why," replied the other, "When I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me; it filled up about five large skins of parchment, and about the middle of it was a note in the margin: ABOUT THIS TIME THE WORLD WAS CREATED."

It was a cold, rainy uncomfortable day. A poor fellow had been standing an hour at the door of the Stage House for the purpose of obtaining a passage; at length the stage drove up, and one after another the passengers crowded in, but Jonathan's turn did not come—the stage was filled, the driver was on the box, and the horses were pricking up their ears for a start, when one from the coach exclaimed to the disappointed, "can't you get a chance to go Jack?" "yees, darn it all," said Jock, "I 'spose I can get a plaguy good chance to go a foot."

N. H. Spectator.

The London Morning Chronicle, of May 31st, states that Young, one of the first tragedians of long standing at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, has retired from the stage. It also intimates that Charles Kemble is about to visit America; and, as Kean is universally considered to be laid on the shelf, whatever he may think of it himself, Mr. McCready will be left as the only Roscius. A visit from Charles Kemble and his truly extraordinary daughter, Miss Fanny Kemble, would be hailed with extravagant delight by the theatre-going population of this country.

Mt. Vernon Trotting Course.

Race, Two Mile Heats for

FOR TROTTING HORSES ONLY.

A Purse will be contended for on THURSDAY, July 19, by Horses of the above description only, to commence at 5 o'clock. No Horse to be allowed to go but those as near a speed as can be selected by the Judges, who will be gentlemen of judgment and experience, and will know those horses who are unfit to enter: this is the course that will be pursued for the future.

WILLIAM OLIVER, Proprietor.

It is the particular desire of the Sporting circle that the Purse may be hereafter collected at the Gate in the following manner:—Every horse will pay on going into the Course, and the receipts of the same to be kept exclusively for the Purses. No collection to be made on the Course as heretofore.

N. B. Matches every Thursday until notice is given to the contrary, in the "Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York." The results will be given weekly in the same paper.

OCEAN HOUSE.

At Shrewsbury Inlet, near Long Branch.

CAPT. JAMES PENNOYER respectfully informs the Public that the above House, under the superintendence of Mr. LAWRENCE STILLMAN, is now open for the Season.

This ESTABLISHMENT, being in the immediate vicinity of the OCEAN, offers rare inducements to persons desirous of enjoying the luxuries, during the Summer Months, of a *Sea Bracing*, and of *Sea or River Bathing*.

A STEAMBOAT leaves New-York every day for the above place, and lands passengers within fifty Yards of the House. Persons leaving the city in the morning, can remain nearly six hours, and return by 7 o'clock, P. M.

Boats, Fishing Tackle, Bilt, &c. can be obtained at any time.

LOST

ON the afternoon of Friday the 13th inst. a RED MOROCCO WALLET, containing fifteen dollars, bills on the United States Bank, and $5 on the Bank of New-York. The finder, by leaving it at this office, will be rewarded for his trouble.

July 14, 1832.

American Turf Register,

AND SPORTING MAGAZINE,

PUBLISHED in Baltimore, Md. by J. S. SKINNER, Editor and Proprietor.

To all lovers of field sports the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine ought to be entertaining and instructive, and as the Editor flatters himself useful to the rising generation, in drawing them off from gaming and other vicious amusements,—but to all breeders or amateurs of the *horse* it would seem to be indispensable, from the circumstance that they must refer to it for the likeness, history and performances of the most celebrated, and the pedigrees of all thorough-bred horses, as well as for the best instructions on breeding, breaking to the saddle and harness, management in sickness and in health, feeding, training, shoeing, &c. &c.

CONDITIONS.—The Sporting Magazine is published monthly. Each number consists of about 50 pages, embellished with beautiful engravings; price $5 per annum, to be paid in advance, by mail, at the risk of the Editor.

*** Persons procuring six subscribers, and sending the money, will be entitled to one year's subscription gratis—and so in proportion for a larger number.

☞ JOHN H. GOSMAN, at the Post Office, is Agent for the city of New-York.

Savannah Jockey Club.

COLT'S SWEEPSTAKE.

A SWEEPSTAKE for Colts two years old, (reckoning from May day)—2 mile heats—entrance $200 p. p. will be run for the day preceding the next regular races, which will take place during the last week in January next. Entries to be made with the Secretary any time before the 1st of December next, at which time the Book will be closed.

A Colt is already entered.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD, *Sec'y.*

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale 7⅝ *Improved Percussion Caps*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments; thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

Also, the Scientific Shot Belt, (*suitable for the meridian of Washington.*)

LEWIS.

☞ Wall street, No. 3, corner of New-st opposite the Wall street church.

*** VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26.

Gold Balances.

PERSONS in the habit of purchasing English Gold are informed, that the subscriber has just imported some superior BALANCES, they are very small, and particularly correct. Banks should never be without them. They will weigh Sovereigns and Halves also Guineas Halves and Thirds.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

Fishing and Fowling Tackle STORE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 112 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines, Hackery, Ash, Hat Cane Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Nets—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Nets—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and coils—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle.—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk worm Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Flshes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,

No. 3 Wall-st., cor. New-st., opposite the Church

*** *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

TO SPORTSMEN

OF TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky., which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior, to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber.—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 19 JAMES MOORE.

To Sportsmen.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his "Instructions to Sportsmen," the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

To Sportsmen.

CHEAP FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store: and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or with out Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABRM BROWER,

250 Water street.

Hardware & Fishing Tackle STORE,

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 350 Pearl-street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, hooks, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black, Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking. J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,

No. 52 Fulton-street.

A CARD.

REAL Estate and City Registering office No 197 Pearl street. Office for supplying young and middle-aged men with situations, also for giving and receiving advice on any subject. Also for procuring partners, agents, clerks, or in fact any kind of help.

WANTED ALSO,

A young or middle-aged man as a partner in a safe, pleasant, and profitable business, the capital required is only $350 and the Business is worth $1,000 per annum. Apply to J. GREEN & Co. 197 Pearl street.

Robert H. Elton,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 127 DIVISION ST. NEW-YORK.

A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. Orders lost

CAUTION

L. MORANGE & DAVIS having been appointed agents by the proprietor for the sale of the *Medicated oil Silk* for the cure of gout, and Rheumatism, beg leave to acquaint their friends and the public in general, that a spurious article has been forced into the market, thereby imposing on the credulous and defrauding the proprietor of that compensation, to which he very justly entitles him. They therefore give notice that each piece or whatsoever smaller quantity will be accompanied with a copy of the original certificate signed by the most eminent gentlemen of the faculty in this city, and bear the signature of the Subscribers—without which none is genuine. For sale wholesale and retail by L. MORANGE & DAVIS,

June 12, 1832. 105 William street.

CANADA NOTES bought at the lowest rates by SYLVESTER

HINTON'S

Military and Sportsmens

WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,

191 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles: Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver-plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitable for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do. Wings, and worsted do—do. Tassels, do. of all sizes. do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

FOWLING ARTICLES.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and tubes; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets; shot and game bags; leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and cords; percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

FISHING TACKLE.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets, &c. &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valises and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

THE public are respectfully informed that the Garden is open for the season. As it has been the wish of the proprietor to make the Garden a fashionable and agreeable place of resort for the respectable part of the community, he hopes that the decorations, embellishments, and general regulations, will be such as to render it worthy their patronage.

The Green House Plants are in the most healthy state, and the largest collection of any public or private garden in the city. The Beds and Borders are highly ornamented with annuals, perennials, exotics, tobacconia and aquatic plants.

The embellishments have been got up without regard to expense. The paintings, classical, ornamental and transparent, are by the best artists, viz: Messrs. Wallace, Barnes, Jackson, Grain, James and Son, Hannington, and others.

The South Garden is laid out and lighted in a superior style to that of any preceding season.—The Grand Walk and its magnificent illuminated Arches, so much admired last season, far exceed its former beauty; they are supported by twenty-four illuminated Lyres, entwined with wreaths of flowers of the most lively hues. The illusion is heightened by a correct perspective continuation of the extremity of the walk, which carries the bewildered eye through an illuminated Arcade, fitted up with Egyptian Vases, filled with flowers. Still further, resting on beauties, the distance only decreases to increase the effect of the magic scene.

The commencement of the walk is decorated with a superb Mirror, of more than 300 square feet, so artfully arranged as to repeat the grandeur of the walk, and cause pleasing reflections to the admiring spectator.

The many thousand variegated lamps, tastefully arranged, apparently turds night to day—splendid Chinese Lanterns peep from among the trees—Vases of Flowers, the brilliant colors of which mock reality—supporters for variegated cut glass Globes, lighted with pure oil. Gas made on the premises.

The North Garden has been laid out entirely different, with considerable improvements. Orange and Lemon Trees, large Cape Jessamines, and Flowering Magnolias, form a complete grove, studded with pyramids of exotic and other plants. The whole is tastefully lighted up with Oil Gas, proceeding from twelve splendid pedestals, which have a most imposing appearance.

Suns, Glories, and Stars of variegated Lamps, also Chinese Lanterns, which shed a soft, beautiful, and chastened lustre over the meandering walks below them.

For the better and more effective display of the FIREWORKS this season, (which from various improvements in colors, procured from extremely rare materials discovered and imported by Mr. Feuchtwanger, Chemist, the Artist feels confident will be superior to any hitherto exhibited.)

A Fortress has been erected, from the battlements of which the various pieces will be fired.—Looking through the inner court of the Castle is seen a distant view of Mount Vesuvius, during the awful eruption of 1840.

In the north corner of the Garden is a splendid Painting, by Mr. Walker, late Artist at the Park Theatre. It represents a view of the ruins of a Gothic Chapel by moonlight, the distant view is Howth Light house, Dublin, in Ireland. In the south corner is another splendid Painting by the same artist—it is a view in Venice, embracing the Ducal Palace and Terrace of Borregio, covering 2000 square feet of canvass.

The Grand Military Band, which is full and effective, will delight the company every evening with a musical entertainment, worthy the approbation and applause they received last year from the thousands who heard them. When the evenings are at all cool, the Saloon can be enclosed and made comfortable to those who are afraid of the night air.

Mr. Joseph L. Hays and other officers will be in attendance to preserve good order, and keep out all improper persons.

☞ Tickets of admission 12 1-2 cents.

A limited number of Season Tickets will be disposed of. For terms, apply at the Garden.

CASTLE GARDEN.

H. MARSH, Proprietor, of this celebrated and well known Sumpner Retreat, has the pleasure of informing his patrons and the public that it is now open for the season.

Since the close of the Garden, extensive and important alterations and improvements have been made, and it is now fitted up in a style of splendor and magnificence exceeding by far any other establishment of the kind in the city—the whole having been designed and executed by Messrs. F. Grain and Assistants.

The well known and justly celebrated Military Band, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dilks, as Leader, is re-engaged, and will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. every pleasant evening during the season.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents, for which refreshments will be furnished at the bar.

Vauxhall Garden.

THIS delightful Garden is now open for the season and brilliantly lighted every fair evening. A first rate band of music will perform from 7 to half past 10. Admittance to non-subscribers one shilling. N. B. The subscription book is now open at the garden. Family season tickets $5. The subscriber would respectfully state, that he has engaged for the season a superior Band, conducted by Mr. Friedheim, late leader of the Eighth Legion National Guards, Paris, who trusts by his exertions this summer to establish in this city the character he enjoyed as a Musician in Paris. Selections of Sacred Music from the most celebrated composers, every Sunday evening, in the Saloon. J. HUNT.

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KNOWN as the ever and always lucky, would remind his friends and the public at large, that he is regularly licensed by the several states in which he has offices, to vend authorized lottery tickets, all of which are the original—those persons purchasing of him, will be protected from fraud or imposition.

The general satisfaction *Sylvester* has hitherto given, and the liberal patronage he has received from all parts of the Union will but stimulate him in his exertions to meet the wishes of his friends, and if attention, punctuality, dispatch, and the strictest honor, will insure him the continuance of their favors, he feels confident of obliging them and he proudly refers to the past as a guarantee for the future. All those who are not already acquainted with Sylvester, can refer to the very first

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

THE HUNTER'S SERENADE.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Thy bower is finished, fairest!
Fit bower for hunter's bride—
Where old woods overshadow
The green savannah's side.
I've wandered long and wandered far,
And never have I met,
In all this lovely western land,
A spot so lovely yet.
But I shall think it fairer
When thou art come to bless,
With thy sweet eyes and silver voice,
Its silent loveliness.

For thee the wild grape glistens
On sunny knoll and tree,
And stoops the slim papaya
With yellow fruit for thee;
For thee the duck on glassy stream,
The prairie-fowl, shall die,
My rifle for thy feast shall bring
The wild swan from the sky:
The forest's leaping panther,
Fierce, beautiful, and fleet,
Shall yield his spotted hide to be
A carpet for thy feet.

I know, for thou hast told me,
Thy maiden love of flowers;
Ah! those that deck thy gardens
Are pale compared with ours.
When our wide woods and mighty lawns
Bloom to the April skies,
The earth has no more gorgeous sight
To show to human eyes.
In meadows red with blossoms,
All summer long, the bee
Murmurs, and loads his yellow thighs
For thee, my love, and me.

Or, wouldst thou gaze at tokens
Of ages long ago?
Our old oak stream with mosses,
And sprout with mistletoe;
And mighty vines, like serpents, climb
The giant sycamore;
And trunks, o'erthrown for centuries,
Cumber the forest floor;
And in the great savannah
The solitary mound,
Built by the elder world, o'erlooks
The loneliness around.

Come, thou hast not forgotten
Thy pledge and promise quite,
With many blushes murmured
Beneath the evening light.
Come, the young violets crowd my door,
Thy earliest look to win,
And at my silent window-sill
The jessamine peeps in;
All day the red-breast warbles
Upon the mulberry near,
And the night-sparrow trills her song
All night, with none to hear.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Moire and chali still continue to be the favorite materials for dresses. The Cachmere palm is the most elegant pattern for chali. Pelerines the same as the dresses, with long ends, are very generally adopted, and they supersede the necessity of shawls. For white canezons no new form has been introduced since last year. Sleeves continue as wide as possible at top, and narrow at the lower part of the arm. They are ornamented at the wrist with a very narrow double cuff.

Collars of muslin or lace are worn double, round behind, and with square corners in front. They are edged with a row of needlework terminated with points, or a full trimming of lace, but no broad hems. The silk cravat or scarf, must be worn above the collar.

We recently remarked two very elegant toilettes de promenade, which we may describe here.

One lady wore a dress of drab-colored moire, with a pelerine edged with Greek points. A bonnet of paille de riz, lined with apple green crape. The trimming consisted of white ribbon and two pavias; the one apple green, and the other pale pink. The fair wearer of this costume carried in her hand an enormous Chinese fan, in lieu of a parasol.

The other dress was of printed muslin, a wreath pattern on a white ground. It was made low in the neck, and was worn with a worked muslin pelerine, finished round the throat with a ruche of worked muslin. The hat was of leghorn, trimmed with white ribbon and a feather a-la-chevaliere

Le Petit Courrier des Dames.

TURKISH CANNON.

In our ships and in our batteries we seldom use a heavier gun than a 42 pounder. No man of war carries any cannon of a larger calibre; but the Turks make use, on land, of even eight hundred pounders. When Sir J. Duckworth passed the Dardanelles to attack Constantinople, in 1807, his fleet was dreadfully shattered by those immense shot. The Royal George, of 110 guns, was nearly sunk by only one shot, which carried away her cut-water; another cut the mainmast of the Windsor Castle nearly in two; a shot knocked two ports of the Thunderer into one; the Repulse, 74, had her wheel shot away and 24 men killed and wounded by a single shot, nor was the ship saved but by the most wonderful exertions. One of these guns was cast in brass in the reign of Amurat; the difficulty of charging it would not allow its being fired more than once; but as a Pacha once said, that single discharge would destroy almost a whole fleet of an enemy. The Baron de Tott, to the great terror of the Turks, resolved to fire this gun.—The shot weighed 1100 lbs. and he loaded it with 330 lbs. of powder: he says, 'I felt a shock like an earthquake, at the distance of eight hundred fathoms. I saw the ball divide into three pieces, and these fragments of a rock crossed the strait, and rebounded on the mountain.' The heaviest shot which struck our ships was of granite, and weighed 800 lbs. and was two feet two inches in diameter. One of these huge shots stove in the whole larboard bow of the Active; and having thus crushed this immense mass of solid timber, the shot rolled aft and brought up abreast the main hatchway, the crew standing aghast at the singular spectacle.

United Service Journal.

A worthy alderman of Bradford, in Yorkshire, is so great a purist, that he will never pay a bill that hath got a fault of orthography in it. One day he received a bill for a packet of ors (hops;) the learned Priscian sent for the witless wight, and giving him a good lecturing, asked if he was not ashamed to spell hops in that manner. "Why, sir, if you must know the truth, we have been obliged to do it ever since your brother-in-law took all the h's to spell iron.

A WILD BEAST FIGHT

IN INDIA.

His Majesty, before he retired, informed the commander in chief [Lord Combermere] that he had given orders for the wild beast fights to be prepared for his edification on the morrow; and as these sports are celebrated for the grand scale on which they are conducted at Lucknow, we were all very anxious to witness them. Early in the morning, therefore, the whole party, including ladies, eager for the novel spectacle, mounted elephants and repaired to the private gate of the royal palace, where the king met the commander in chief, and conducted him and his company to a palace in the park, in one of the courts of which the arena for the combats was prepared. In the centre was erected a gigantic cage of strong bamboos, about fifty feet high, and of like diameter, and roofed with rope net-work. Sundry smaller cells, communicating by sliding doors with the main theatre, were tenanted by every species of the savagest inhabitants of the forest. In the large cage, crowded together, and presenting a formidable front of broad, shaggy foreheads, well armed with horns, stood a group of buffaloes sternly awaiting the conflict, with their rear scientifically *appuye* against the bamboos. The trap-doors being lifted, two tigers and the same number of bears and leopards rushed into the centre. The buffaloes instantly commenced hostilities, and made complete shuttlecocks of the bears, who, however, finally escaped by climbing up the bamboos beyond the reach of their horned antagonists. The tigers, one of which was a beautiful animal, fared hardly better; indeed, the odds were much against them, there being five buffaloes. They appeared, however, to be no match for these powerful creatures, even single handed, and showed little disposition to be the assaulters. The larger tiger was much gored in the head, and in return took a mouthful of his enemy's dewlap, but was finally (as the fancy would describe it) "borne to the ropes and floored." The leopards seemed throughout the conflict sedulously to avoid a breach of the peace.

A rhinoceros was next let loose in the open court-yard, and the attendants attempted to induce him to pick a quarrel with a tiger who was chained to a ring. The rhinoceros appeared, however, to consider a fettered foe as quite beneath his enmity; and having once approached the tiger and quietly surveyed him as he writhed and growled, expecting the attack, turned suddenly round and trotted awkwardly off to the yard-gate, where he capsized a palankeen which was carrying away a lady fatigued with the sight of these unfeminine sports.

A buffalo and a tiger were the next combatants: they attacked furiously, the tiger springing at the first onset on the other's head, and tearing his neck severely; but he was quickly dismounted, and thrown with such violence as nearly to break his back, and quite to disable him from renewing the combat. A small elephant was next impelled to attack a leopard. The battle was short and decisive; the former falling on his knees and thrusting his blunted tusks nearly through his antagonist.

On our return from the beast fight, a breakfast awaited us at the royal palace, and the white table-cloth being removed, quails, trained for the purpose, were placed upon the green cloth, and fought most gamely, after the manner of the English cock-pit.—This is an amusement much in fashion among the natives of rank, and they bet large sums on their birds, as they lounge luxuriously round, smoking their boukahs.—Elephant fights were announced as the concluding scene of this day of strife. The spectators took their seats on a long verenda. The narrow stream of the river Goomty runs close under the palace walls, and on the opposite bank a large, open, sandy space presented a convenient theatre for the operation of these gigantic athletes. The elephants educated for the arena are large, powerful males, wrought up to a state of fury by constant feeding with exciting spices. On the spacious plain before us we counted several of these animals parading singly and sulkily to and fro, their mabouts seated on their backs, which were covered with a strong net-work for the driver to cling by in conflict. In attendance upon every elephant were two or three men, armed with long spears, a weapon of which this animal has the greatest dread. We soon discovered two of the combatants slowly advancing towards each other from opposite sides of the plain. As they approached their speed gradually increased, and they at length met with a grand shock, entwining their trunks and pushing until one, finding himself overmatched, fairly turned tail, and received his adversary's charge in the rear. This was so violent that the mahout of the flying elephant was dislodged from his seat: he fortunately fell wide of the pursuer, and escaped with a few bruises. Five or six couple were fought, but showed little sport; the sagacious animals discovering instantly when they were over-matched. I had long been ambitious of witnessing the far-famed wild beast fights of Lucknow, and having enjoyed an opportunity of seeing them, which few have had, it would hardly be fair to say that I was disappointed.

Before the party left the palace, his Majesty took a great fancy to a houkah belonging to one of the staff. It was formed on an entirely new principle; and the King was so smitten with the novel invention that he signified his royal wish to purchase it, and immediately carried it off, to display its charms to the three hundred and fifty fair inmates of his zenana. In the evening a Piedmontese conjurer, in the pay of the nawaub, entertained us much by his ingenious tricks. He must be a useful fellow to amuse the vacant mind of an eastern despot.

Capt. Mundy's Journal.

ADMIRAL WILLIAMS FREEMAN.—When a midshipman serving on a foreign station, young Williams (for he did not take the name of Freeman until late in life, and a brother mid, had each a favorite dog on board their vessel. Williams' dog had by some means given offence to the other younker, who threatened to throw the animal overboard. 'If you do,' rejoined Williams, 'then yours shall follow;' and he accordingly kept his word. Enraged at the loss of his dog, the other Mid came up to Williams, and demanded satisfaction, challenging him to fight. 'Be calm, sir,' said Williams, coolly; 'you have acted most brutally towards my poor dog, and I have retaliated on yours, as I promised I would do; you are entitled to no satisfaction from me, but your unoffending dog is; I therefore propose to save the life of yours, if you will do so by mine.' This proposal being acceded to, young Williams instantly leaped overboard, swam to his opponent's dog, secured him in preference to his own, returned to the vessel, and, with the animal under his arm, was hauled up by a rope which had been thrown over the side for him to hold by. His comrade then took his sousing in turn, to the high delight of young Williams, and was equally successful in saving the life of the other poor brute. The matter did not rest here; the youths had been guilty of a breach of orders in thus risking their lives, and were each sent to the mast head by way of penance. When far advanced in years, the kind-hearted Admiral declared, that there was scarcely any circumstance in his life he reflected on with greater satisfaction than that of having been instrumental in saving the lives of these dogs; so true is it, that bravery and humanity are closely allied.

From the American Sporting Magazine for July.

YANKEE TROUT,

Not to be caught by English Artificial Flies.

On the fifteenth of May, I made my coup d'essai in trout fishing, near Concord, N. H. in company with Col. B. and Mr. R. of that place. The day was unfavourable, the wind blowing and the sun shining—(a cloudy and calm day is the best.) At the first start, we made a grand faux-pas, we left our wine and cold meats behind: this, I imagine, was the secret cause of our indifferegt success. I soon ascertained that the patent English line and ARTIFICIAL FLY would not do. Our fish are too Republican, or too shrewd, or too stupid, to understand the science of English Trout fishing. I therefore took the common hook and worm, with a simple line and light sinker, and a rod cut on the spot; they then understood, and we readily caught in a short time, twenty-three fine brook Trout, the largest about 7 ounces. The banks were wet, which made it unpleasant, especially as we had to be temperate, having nothing to eat or drink. Another party, a few days before, caught at Pembroke, 16 pounds of fine brook Trout.

Yours, &c. G. A.

ANGLING IN TENNESSEE.

We extract the following mode of taking fish in that part of the country from a letter in the American Sporting Magazine:—

"Our streams abound with a variety of fish, as red-horse of two sizes, drum, buffalo, red-eyes, suckers, &c. Early in the spring, about the 1st of April, the larger size of red-horse commence 'playing' in the shoals. This is the time of spawning with them. The female is always escorted by two males, one on each side of her.

"After having prepared their beds in the gravelly and shoally parts of the streams, you may find them in large numbers at play. Having provided a good strong line and rod, we tie four large jack or pike hooks on, with their backs to one another. Get an elevated stand, (on benches generally prepared for the purpose,) drop your hooks cautiously above the fish, let them sink to the bottom, draw them towards the fish, and when you find your hooks within six or eight inches, give a sudden jerk down the stream, and tell to one you don't hang him; but persevere, and after awhile you will find yourself rewarded for all your toil and trouble, by hooking a fish that will weigh from six to ten pounds, and of fine flavor. Hold him with a tight line, but don't attempt to govern him, and after contending about a minute, he will turn on his side—then draw him gently to the shore, and you have a fish but little, if any, inferior to the shad or rock.

"An expert hand at 'hooking" will frequently take from twenty to forty in a day. I caught three fine ones a few weeks since in less than an hour, and I am a mere novice at the business. The smaller-sized red-horse and suckers 'play' about the last of April. They are numerous and easily 'hooked.'

Cholera Medicines

AS prescribed according to the report of the Edinburgh Medical Board of Health, on the mode of preventing and treating the Cholera—warranted Genuine to be had at 495 Pearl street where may be had any kind of Cholera medicines, warranted of the best quality.

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.

J. B. CARTER 143 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentleman of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing light pleasure harness of every description, Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c., together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber having removed from the Union Coffee House, 43 William street, to the more desirable location of the Washington Coffee House, solicits the continuance and patronage of his former friends and customers, who may rely upon his wonted exertions to give general satisfaction.

The bar is provided with the best of wines and liquors omnifarious. Coffee, Tea, and refreshments to be had at all hours. Wm. HIGG,
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JERSEY CITY.

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In submitting the above terms to the Public, we take occasion to state that a Subsription Book is now at the office, No. 40 Wall street; and that our best efforts shall be used to render the establishment worthy of Patronage. The Reading Room is completely fitted up, and is on a more extensive scale than any thing of the Union.

A careful person will have it in charge, under such regulations as may be thought most conducive to the interest of the subscribers, and the information of strangers. Gentlemen of the Army and Navy, will find more full files of the city and distant journals, than can elsewhere be met with; and masters of vessels will have an opportunity of consulting our Daily Bulletins, as well as the papers publised at the several ports to which they belong.

The nature of the political contest in which we have been engaged, and the necessity under which we have labored of publishing speeches on the great topics of the day, and voluminous public documents, both of which the past year has been singularly prolific, have combined to prevent that attention to our Commercial department, to which our education, our disposition, and our location, seemed more specially to prompt. Encouraged as we have recently been, we shall be better able hereafter to devote time and means to the great object we have in view—tho permanent establishment of a Journal, not to be surpassed in any department, by any of our cotemporaries. To every incentive to accomplish our purpose, we hope to add a full share of zeal and industry in our vocation, trusting to time and our efforts, for success, and pledging ourselves to be as fearless, frank and independent on all topics, as we have hitherto been.

To Emigrants.

FOREIGN and American Agency Office. The above office is open at No. 5 Division street, (near Chatham-square,) for the purpose of affording to Foreigners, arriving and resident in the United States, a Daily Register of the names, and occupations of all the Passengers arriving from all foreign ports, thereby enabling them to find their relatives and friends, immediately after their arrival; also, will attend to the agency of receiving and forwarding, to or from all foreign port, goods, packages, money, &c.; also, will give to those who wish to emigrate to the Western Country or Upper Canada, a correct statement of the miles to different places, quality of soil, price of Improved or Uncultivated Lands, the cheapest and best way of Emigration.

Persons wishing to send for their friends to any foreign port, will be attended to with despatch.

☞ Letters from any part of the Union (post paid) promptly answered, and their purport attended to on accommodating terms.

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The subscribers having established the rules of their Hotel on a footing of unexceptionable propriety and order, respectfully invite that liberal patronage which they will make it their constant endeavor to merit. J. CAIN & CO.

MERCHANTS and others, wishing to employ clerks, or assistance of any description, with good reference, can be supplied at the Foreign and American Agency Office, No. 5 Division street, near Chatham-square.

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